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From Publisher—To You

A CANDID subscriber wrote in this morning and took us to task for printing, in his estimation, too many articles about Governor Smith—intimating that our motive in chronicling different aspects of Governor Smith's personality and actions was for the purpose of boosting his candidacy. Is it necessary to point out that The Outlook is first of all a weekly newspaper, a journal of current life, and not a political organ devoted blindly to advancing anybody's ambitions?

MOST of our readers will not need to be reminded that so far we have printed many articles on Mr. Hoover, Mr. Reed, Mr. Willis, and now Mr. Dawes. In the very near future will appear portraits of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Lowden, and Mr. Curtis. We even have a piece about Mr. Heflin waiting for an eager public.

NO, we do not sit up nights trying to favor any one or even nominating anybody. We are merely intensely interested in what is going on nowadays and in the people who are making the world go round. It merely happens that Governor Smith is in the forefront of the news and is by all odds the most prominent as well as the most interesting of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

AS a matter of fact, The Outlook at present is extremely well balanced on the subject of politics. Its editors include men of both political persuasions, and its advertising staff is exactly divided. We have just completed arrangements with two of the best reporters in the country to cover the coming political Conventions. They are keen observers first, and honest writers second, and beyond that their politics are their own. In short, we wish to be as fair and as thorough as possible in reporting all politics of whatever party.

THIS intention applies equally to religious subjects, to marriage, prohibition and business, and the arts. So far as we are aware, we have at present no ax to grind. When we do have one, you can rely on us to come out and say what it is. When we decide to support any one for the Presidency, we shall name him.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Charles Gates Dawes

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The Outlook

May 2, 1928

"Hell and Maria"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Charles Gates Dawes has managed to vitalize and dramatize the hollow office of Vice-President. What would he do to the Presidency? In Mr. Anderson's opinion, "the country that changes from Coolidge to Dawes will be in the situation of a man who awakes from an afternoon nap to find himself in the midst of a tornado." And yet it might be an excellent thing. This article by a St. Louis journalist is the fourth in a series of political portraits.

IF Charles Gates Dawes is nominated and elected President of the Republic this year, the White House will be invaded next March by the most dynamic and colorful personality to occupy it since Theodore Roosevelt departed. I choose the word "invaded" deliberately. Dawes would not merely make things hum; he would make them crackle and hiss and detonate. That is his temperament, and it would be accentuated by contrast. The country that changes from Coolidge to Dawes will be in the situation of a man who awakes from an afternoon nap to find himself in the midst of a tornado.

Hollow and ignominious by constitution and usage, the Vice-Presidency has been vitalized and dramatized through Dawes's vigor and imagination. What would he do under the brilliant spotlight which beats incessantly upon the most powerful office in the world?

Let us consider Dawes himself. "One hundred per cent American" fits him as the skin fits a potato. He possesses not only the virtues originally conveyed by that phrase, but he suffers in like measure from the shortcomings which it has come to impute. That is, he is robustly patriotic, narrowly partisan, and intensely chauvinistic. Thus he is almost the "typical American" of contemporary mythology. But not quite. Just as Roosevelt was saved from that doubtful eminence by his genuine respect for learning, so Dawes exhibits one exotic strain in his love for good music and painting. Otherwise, he falls true to the American pioneer type.

Picturesque daring unites in him with a cool and good-humored self-reliance. He has a minimum of respect for precedent and authority, and a maximum of confidence in his own judgment. The cowboy virtues—reckless courage, humor, personal loyalty—abound in him, together with a touch of that homely uncouthness which endears Will Rogers to the American heart. A banker and a multimillionaire, he yet savors of the soil.

Like so many of his countrymen who have achieved material success, his fancied "hard-headedness" and "practicality" is largely superficial, and covers a lush sentimentality, out of which spring the standards and ideals of the football field and the success magazines. In other words, his yearnings and ambitions at bottom are those of a sixty-three-year-old Boy Scout, hardened by an experience in which action has played a far greater part than reflection.

In the Senate chamber one is struck by the resemblance between Dawes, its most reactionary occupant, and Senator Wheeler, of Montana, its most outspoken radical. In addition to a physical resemblance which is at once apparent, they have the same smiling contempt for danger, either personal or political; the same indifference to opposing opinion, the same blue-eyed twinkle, and the same cheerful readiness for a fight. Each has the quality of leadership, but Wheeler would lead a crusade to hang all reactionaries on the nearest limb, and Dawes would lead a posse to "restore law and order" and hang the crusaders. Both would be actuated by the pioneer traits of initiative and determination. A lithe, hard-riding, straight-shooting pair, cast, it would seem, almost by accident, to occupy opposing rôles in the battle of life and politics.

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1865, one of several sons of General Rufus Dawes, who commanded a brigade in the Civil War. His family is proud of the fact (and it will not be neglected in the event of a Dawes Presidential campaign) that William Dawes, an ancestor, accompanied Paul Revere on his historic ride. It is fully in keeping with the family history and with the history of our subject, although it may be retorted that the only similar ride ever undertaken by the present Dawes was signally less successful.

After studying law and being admitted to the bar in Ohio, he moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. The opposing counsel in one of his first lawsuits was another

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young man, William Jennings Bryan. The sum involved was $1.27, alleged to be due the Missouri Pacific Railroad on a shipment of horse collars from St. Louis, and alleged by the consignee—a militant anti-monopolist—to be an overcharge. Curiously, the railroad was represented by Bryan, who later was to advocate Government ownership of railroads, and the anti-monopolist harness dealer was defended by Dawes, who subsequently was to assail the Sherman Act and other legislation aimed against monopoly. History fails to record who won.

Dawes's talents were not long squandered in the justice courts of Lincoln. A richer field beckoned—the field of public utilities. Dawes had learned the advantages of credit. Borrowing money to make a first payment, he acquired a gas plant, issuing bonds to pay off the remainder. Soon he was interested in public utilities in several States. Entering the Chicago field, he met John R. Walsh, who occupied a position there comparable to that now occupied by Samuel Insull. Dawes was far too canny to set up in competition. On the contrary, he induced Walsh to accept him as an ally, and it was through Walsh's aid that he was able to acquire the Evanston gas plant.

The association was fruitful in other ways. Through Walsh, Dawes became the friend of William Lorimer, the "Blond Boss" who later was to be ejected from the United States Senate, to which he had been elected by bribery in the Illinois Legislature. Through Lorimer, he met Mark Hanna, the Ohio Warwick. By 1896 Dawes had made a fortune and had displayed an aptitude for politics. Doubtless both these facts influenced Hanna in selecting Dawes as the Illinois member of the Republican Executive Committee which conducted William McKinley's campaign for President.

In the game of life Dawes had outdistanced his old rival. Bryan remained an obscure lawyer back in Lincoln. But 1896 brought one of those fabulous events which seldom occur outside the United States. It was the "Cross of Gold" speech which made Bryan the Democratic nominee for President. Overnight Dawes became, by comparison, the obscure rival, almost a spectator among the wondering millions whose eyes were focused on the Boy Orator of the Platte.

I think the incident influenced him profoundly. He was, and is, a shrewd and observant man. He recognized the speech as a brilliant piece of pure hokum. Moreover, like most informed politicians of the time, he knew that it was not, as was popularly supposed, a spontaneous outburst of inspiration, but a carefully prepared composition which Bryan had been rehearsing for months in anticipation of the opportunity which came. Yet the consequences were none the less real, and the lesson was obvious.

From that lesson, I believe, came the inspiration for his celebrated "Hell and Maria" show before a Congressional committee in 1919. So with his whirlwind descent upon Washington to establish the Budget Bureau in 1921, so with his raucous and startling assault upon the Senate's venerable rules in 1924. Theatricals, every one, and each time a delighted American public chuckled and cheered. The newspaper editors who were not taken in had to pretend they were, in order to satisfy their readers, who were determined to be. The almost "typical American," Dawes, knew how to tickle the *genus Americanus*. Nor has he forgotten.

To return to 1896, however—the silver tongue which won the nomination for Bryan was not sufficient to overcome the fear of an empty dinner-pail. McKinley was elected, and, out of gratitude and real liking, Dawes was made Comptroller of the Currency. He was not quite thirty-two years old. Within five years he had absorbed a knowledge of finance, and—which probably was more important—had established powerful connections, which enabled him to resign his post and establish his own bank in Chicago, the Central Trust Company. It became one of the most powerful institutions in the Middle West, with Dawes devoting most of his time and energy to it.

His old friend Lorimer also had a bank, the La Salle Street National Bank. Lorimer, unlike Dawes, did not devote all his time and energy to the banking business, and in the course of events the La Salle found itself in bad condition, with National bank examiners coming to inspect the books. In this crisis "Blond Bill" appealed to Dawes, the man who had never been known to go back on a friend. Without consulting his Board of Directors, Dawes "loaned" the La Salle $1,250,000 of the Central Trust Company's money. That is, he wrote a check for that amount, and allowed Lorimer to list it among the La Salle's cash assets when the bank examiners came. When they had departed, Lorimer returned it to Dawes. Soon afterward the La Salle failed disastrously, with heavy losses to depositors. When the facts about the "loan" becam known, the depositors sued the Centra Trust Company and its officers.

The public heard little more of Dawe until the United States entered th World War. In the business and socia life of Chicago, however, he was know to a host of admiring friends and asso ciates as a "square shooter," a soun poker player, an ideal companion on th golf course, a brilliant banker, and a amateur violinist and composer, one o whose compositions had been honore with a place in the repertory of Frit Kreisler. Altogether a charming an successful man.

When this country declared war Dawes immediately was commissioned a major of engineers. Within a few months he was a general, directing the purchase of supplies for the American Army in France, and serving as the American representative on the Allies Military Board of Supply. It was a tremendously trying job, and of vital importance. He discharged it with heroic labor and a passionate hatred of red tape. For such work he had a singular fitness.

This service undoubtedly reawakened Dawes's taste for the drama and adventure of public life. But for the war he would likely have been known to posterity as the Chicago banker who composed a piece that Kreisler played.

Returning to the United States, he found a hostile committee of the newly elected Republican Congress industriously investigating the Wilson Administration's conduct of the war. There were stories of fabulous prices paid profiteers for war supplies, of mountains of food and equipment lost or wasted, of whole fleets of automobile trucks junked or abandoned. Dawes, as purchaser of supplies at the front, was summoned to testify.

David Belasco never staged a performance with more care or a nicer sense of the dramatic values. Dawes led the committee on to nag him with trivial questions and carping criticisms and insinuations. At just the right moment he leaped to his feet.

"Hell and Maria!" he shouted, explosively. "We were winning a war, not keeping books! Suppose we did lose a few car-loads—what of it? We won the war, didn't we? Can't you understand that men were dying under shell fire? When we got a call for a car-load of ether for the field hospitals, do you think we stopped to put it down in the right column of the proper ledger? Hell and Maria, no—we shot it along!" And

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o on, for about an hour. He stalked up nd down the committee room, waving is fists. Under his scorn the committee withered. From Dawes, a good Republican, it had expected sympathetic o-operation. Instead, he literally blew he investigation out of the water. His onest indignation struck a tremenlously popular chord. The committee uietly shut down. Close observers eported a twinkle in the blue eyes of he victoriously retiring General, and omething like a chuckle issued from the egion of his underslung pipe. The ountry had a new hero.

His next appearance in Washington was almost equally spectacular. President Harding had appointed him Director of the newly formed Budget Bureau, which had been assigned offices on the third floor of the Treasury Department. On the appointed morning Secretary Mellon walked down the corridor to greet him. An astonishing spectacle confronted the shy and unobtrusive Secretary. Chairs had been catapulted into corners. Desks were piled in the corridor. New filing cases were being rushed in as if by the Fire Department. A wrecking crew and a construction gang were engaged simultaneously. The action was terrific. In the thermometer the mercury boiled. The General had arrived!

Presently there occurred a meeting of all the bureau chiefs. As a rule, bureau chiefs are meek in the presence of greatness. And the President and all his Cabinet were present. But a new spirit was in the air. Suddenly the bureau chief had realized that he was the keystone of the Government. Dawes made a speech. Rather, it was a sermon, in the well-known fashion of Billy Sunday. His voice was vibrant as he called on all wastrels to repent and consecrate themselves anew to economy. Eyes became misty. Old bureau chiefs, grown gray in the service, blew their noses as they went forward to give the Director their hands. It was a powerful spectacle.

When the organ peals had died away and the trail-hitters had taken their exaltation back to their bureaus, Dawes settled down to the business in hand, and when it was completed it was obvious that he had accomplished a first-class piece of work in organizing and launching the budget system. Not one of Mr. Hoover's efficiency experts could have done better, and not all of them combined could have got one-tenth the publicity. Dawes retired at the end of six months in a shower of sky-rockets and pinwheels, and again there were reports of a satisfied chuckle.

NEXT came his appointment to the Reparations Commission, whose work finally resulted in the Dawes Plan. There is no doubt whatever that this plan was almost wholly the work of Sir Josiah Stamp, an English economist, and Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company. But Dawes presided vigorously at the meetings, he made a spectacular airplane trip to get somewhere in a hurry, he smoked his pipe picturesquely, slapped Germans and Frenchmen on the back and bade them be sensible, and so it was called the Dawes Plan. However, there is no convincing evidence to show that Dawes either drafted the plan or was mainly responsible for it.

So in 1924 "Hell and Maria" was nominated for Vice-President. In view of the circumstances, it is obvious that Coolidge would have been re-elected regardless of all other considerations. Nevertheless it is true that Dawes made the only effective campaign that was made. By picturing La Follette as an enemy of the Constitution, and by conjuring up dreadful visions of the chaos to ensue in the event of any candidate failing to get a majority of the Electoral College, he undoubtedly frightened thousands of voters into the Republican column.

It was an odd chance that the day on which he was nominated should have been chosen by the Illinois Supreme Court as the date on which to hand down a decision holding Dawes and his fellow-officers of the Central Trust Company partially liable for the failure of the La Salle Street National Bank. At once it was raised against him, and the New England group among the Republican managers were seriously alarmed. But again Dawes showed that he knew his United States.

"I will debate my character with no man," he briefly announced, and went right on denouncing "the enemies of the Constitution." What had seemed a nasty hit turned out a perfectly harmless dud.

His inauguration address is well remembered. President, Supreme Court Justices, diplomats, and all that distinguished assembly sat petrified with amazement when the new Vice-President launched into a violent assault upon the Senate rules—amazement which, on the part of Senators, changed quickly into outraged indignation. As one present, I am confident that fully ninety per cent of those who heard him felt that Dawes had committed an egregrious political blunder, as well as an offense against good taste. I shall never forget Mr. Coolidge's face as he watched his running mate whirl and gesticulate on the Senate rostrum. But again Dawes was the best guesser. A public long (and, I believe, falsely) taught to regard the Senate as a collection of incorrigible windbags howled its approbation, even while Jim Reed was making scathing reference to Kipling's "Injy rubber idjit on a spree."

IN fairness, let it be added here that the Senate, in three years of association with Dawes, has grown, not only to like him, and not only to recognize the uniform fairness of his rulings, but actually to respond to his influence in matters of legislation—a circumstance which had not occurred for more than a generation. The outstanding example of this was when he conceived and executed the agreement in the last Congress whereby the McNary-Haugen Bill was permitted to come to a vote. No episode better illustrates his political shrewdness.

The farm bloc was demanding a vote, and the Administration was eager to prevent one. The "banking bloc" wanted a vote on the McFadden Bill, granting unlimited charters to Federal Reserve banks. Dawes brought the two groups together under an agreement which provided for votes on both bills. As a potential candidate for President, he was interested in the farmer vote. As a banker, he was interested in the McFadden Bill. He knew perfectly well that President Coolidge would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill and sign the McFadden Bill, as, indeed, he did. Thus Dawes got the friendship of the farmers and the gratitude of the bankers. Mr. Coolidge, it has been said, almost got apoplexy when he realized how neatly the buck had been passed to him. A mutual distaste was considerably heightened, and this may eventually cost Dawes the Republican nomination and the Presidency.

Politicians generally like him, because he speaks their language and because they know he will "play ball." In contrast is Mr. Hoover, who cannot, or will not, do either. By his zealous and militant advocacy of the "open shop" Dawes has earned the just enmity of union labor; nevertheless, I think he would be an immensely popular candidate even with labor, which always forgives the man who puts on a good show. Heaven help them, however, if he is elected! and Heaven help the Nicaraguans, the Filipinos, the Bill of Rights, the advocates of peace, and the big bass drum! "Hell and Maria" will bust them all.

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Natural Censorship

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"Laurel" would seem to be a pleasantly suggestive word, but a young woman fainted at the sound of it. Therein, as Mr. O'Higgins points out, is the source of the impulse to censorship and the reason, as well, why no single individual is competent to exercise it.

THERE was once an American poetess whose æsthetic sense was offended by the sight of herself. She had grown too fat for her profession, and she knew it, but she had an idea that the flame of her genius was in some way fed by the oil of her physical excess, and she absolutely refused to try to reduce. Instead, she banished all the mirrors from her home and never left it without taking along a supply of cheesecloth to cover up any looking-glasses that might confront her in the hotels and guest-rooms that she visited.

This idiosyncrasy of hers represents the popular impulse to censorship as the artist sees it, and it is against the absurdity of such an impulse that all his indignation rebels. Freely translated into terms of mirrors and cheesecloth, his arguments run something like this: "Life isn't always beautiful. Far from it. And the artist insists on holding the mirror up to nature, and the censor runs around with bolts of cheesecloth, covering up the mirrors that are too true. He doesn't interfere—the censor doesn't—with the false mirrors that are cunningly made to beautify the uglinesses of reality in their reflection. No. He applauds those. 'Let us have a picture of life,' he says, 'that cheers, uplifts, and makes us better'—meaning 'makes us feel better.' He can even enjoy the trick mirrors of the comic artist when they give a burlesque picture of life, after the manner of the reflectors in the House of Fun in an amusement park. He never censors what he can laugh at. It's the deadly reflection of the realist that he hates. And particularly the reflection made in the mirror of the reforming realist. 'You're ugly,' the reforming realist says to life. 'Look at your reflection here. You're horrible to behold. How did you let yourself get into such a state? Why don't you do something about it?' And the horrified public screams: 'What an obscenity! Even if life *does* look like that, who wants to know it? It's difficult enough for us to live with ourselves, without having mirrors like that around us. Smash it! Suppress it! Cover it up!'"

Such is the case against censorship as the artist sees it, though, of course, it is not his whole case. Not, as you might say, by several books full. But it covers his chief point, and he goes on to argue that point something like this: "There are backward communities, even in Kentucky, that are slowly working out their evolution a hundred years behind the times, and they still censor science, as they censor art, and try to keep Darwin out of print. But no district attorney in New York city, for example, would think of prosecuting a physician for writing the material of 'The Captive' in a medical text-book, even though 'The Captive' was driven from the Broadway stage. Art is censored, but not science. And what sense is there in that? Why should the common facts about sexual perversion be tabooed in drama, but not in medicine? We have to live a life in which such perversions are a frequent disease. Why shouldn't we be warned about them in the theatre in words that we can understand, instead of having to go to medical books to puzzle out the truth about them where it is hidden in a language that baffles us?"

And here, it seems, the artist is a bit wall-eyed. He fails to see that the question of language is important. He also fails to see why comedy is permitted a freedom which the serious drama is denied. In both instances he overlooks an element of shock in the situation, and yet this element of shock, speaking scientifically, is the secret and the essence of the whole problem. Any sensible psychiatrist can tell you that.

THERE is a natural censorship that is older than law, older than civilization, older than intelligence. Historically, it is seen among primitive people as the fear of the omnipotent word. They seem to believe that to know the name of a thing is to have some magical power over the thing itself. The real names of their gods are not allowed to be known except to their priests, who guard the secret as a source of power. Among some savage tribes a wife is nc permitted to speak her husband's nam in public, and so many words are tabue to her, and she invents so many substi tutes, that a man of the tribe, when h overhears the women talking togethei cannot understand what they say. Eve among civilized people there are suc superstitions—the superstition, for in stance, that to speak of the death of a living person is to endanger his life. I is as if by the tabu of the terrible wor some magical security were obtained.

The emotional state of mind that in cubates this impulse to censorship arise in the deepest levels of human nature It is transmitted from parents to chil dren, generation after generation. The words which the parents fear are word that, for one reason or another, are lia ble to bring down on the speaker some supernatural evil, but these words be come, to the children, words that incu the parent's wrath. The child finds that if he speaks such a word he throws the parent into a state of panic. The panic would be communicated to the child even if the parent made no explanation, but he is usually told, of course, that the use of such a word alarms society or angers God, and this warning is enough to establish in him the mood of censorship. He finds, however, that the tabued words are used freely among his young companions when their elders are not within hearing, and his first censorship is practiced merely to protect himself from parental anger.

Once established, the fear of the tabued word remains at the bottom of his mind, beyond the reach of argument, irrational, emotional, and, as it were, instinctive. To hear the word used gives him a shock of horror. The horror may have no intelligent origin, but it will be intelligently explained as due to blasphemy, to obscenity, to an offense against good taste. The degree of horror will differ in different persons, according to their early training. Some may not feel it at all. Others will feel it for words that are innocent to most people—like the school-teacher in Barrie's novel who censored the word "love" wherever she found it and substituted for it the phrase "word with which we have no concern."

I once knew a young woman to whom the word "laurel" was so unbearable

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that at the sound of it she fainted. She was the patient of a psychiatrist who discovered that, in the innocence of her childhood, she had been guilty of an offense at which her parents had been insanely shocked, and the offense had been committed in some laurel bushes. Her whole life had been ruined by the incident. She had repressed the memory so deeply that for a long time the doctor could not discover from her what had occurred, and it was, unconsciously, to escape the returning recollection that she fainted when she heard the word "laurel." He had another patient who reacted almost as painfully to the word "mother-in-law." This man considered that his life had been wrecked by his wife's mother. He could not bear the thought of it. He was nauseated, he grew pale and dizzy at the sight or sound of the word. The ordinary mother-in-law joke was horrible and shocking to him. He could no more laugh at it than he could laugh at a disgusting obscenity.

ANY experienced playwright knows that to get a loud laugh in the theatre he must first build up in his audience a resistance to the impulse to laugh. Their resistance sets up a dam that holds back the feeling of amusement, and when the dam at last is carried away the laughter comes out with a roar. That dam is the shocked feeling which makes for censorship. If the shock be too great, the dam will hold and the audience will be unable to laugh, but if the dam gives way the shock is dissipated and the impulse to censorship is relieved. That is why the censor allows comedy a freedom which he denies to the serious drama; he arrests the actors in Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," while a farce around the corner exploits the same theme unreproved. Naturally, the height of the dam varies, and one man will sit roaring with laughter beside another whose face is stern with disapproval; or perhaps, if pathos is used to make the dam, half the audience may be laughing, wet-eyed, while the rest sit suffering with sympathy.

To speak in the solemn language of psychiatry: "The impulse to censor an art arises in people when the art uses any symbol that evokes in them an emotion of horror. The symbol may be a word, a picture, a pantomime. When they see it, or hear it, their horror makes the symbol seem as if it were a visible emanation of evil. They are thrown back into the panic of childhood, or, beyond that, into the panic of primitive man threatened by the diabolic. They are overcome with a superstitious fear. They feel, irrationally, that they are in danger, and the feeling spurs them on to irrational mechanisms of defense. All this goes on in the deep emotional strata of the mind. Above it, in the conscious intelligence, a rationalization takes place. They declare that the art is dangerous, but the danger is not described as the danger of vengeance from an outraged divinity or his surrogate, the shocked parent. The danger is declared to be a danger of the demoralization of society by the encouragement of vice and crime."

It is useless to argue against this declaration that outspoken art should be censored because it encourages vice. It is useless to argue against it because it is the issue of an irrational feeling that cannot be reached by argument. One might as well argue with the girl who fainted at the sound of the word "laurel" and try to prove to her that there was nothing to be shocked at in the sound of that word. The impulse to censorship being irrational, the artist could only placate it in every individual by expurgating the words, the pictures, the pantomimes, the scenes, that are the symbols of evil for that particular individual. The word "laurel," for instance, would have to be expurgated from the English language to make English literature safe for the unfortunate girl whom the psychiatrist treated; and other words, almost as innocent, would have to be expunged for other neurotics suffering, as she suffered, from some psychic disaster. The impulse to censorship is a reaction that is specific to the individual and conditioned by his individual training, and to placate it in every possible case would be to destroy the value of all art.

SOCIETY has handled the situation successfully in the past in the same way that it has handled the horror and the impulse to revenge that are aroused by a crime. Originally, that shock of horror led to the private action which we call lynch law. Among savage communities, if a man were murdered, his friends and relatives avenged his death, driven by a superstitious fear of injury at the hands of his ghost if they failed to avenge him. Civilization has long since forced such people to leave their vengeance to the officers of society. Lynch law has been modified into the procedure by which a crime is submitted to the decision of a delegated few—that is to say, to a judge and a jury—who place the guilt and decree the punishment. The friends and relatives of the murdered men are compelled to accept the judgment of the court by the power of majority opinion; and the satisfaction of the majority, by a sort of mass suggestion, produces a sense of satisfaction in the revengeful individual.

In the same way, society has handled the horror that is aroused by the evil symbol in art. The symbol is taken before a judge and jury, and if it excites the same horror in them it receives a vote of punishment. In a small and homogeneous community the prosecution of the symbol rarely fails. Since the horror of the tabued symbol is kept alive by transmission from parent to child in a society where all children have the same sort of training, the jury will generally feel the same shock of horror as the complainant. But in a heterogeneous community this is not so. And America today is markedly heterogeneous. One of our juries may be made up of men and women of various nationalities, of different religions, raised in alien homes, and trained to discrepant standards in their childhood. They are not likely to agree in horror at any evil symbol in art. And when they disagree with the horrified complainant he will feel that the law is lax.

Of recent years such laxity has been greatly complained of in America by the more Puritanical citizens who are most easily shocked. Again and again, judges and juries have failed to be horrified by books and plays and pictures brought before them for censure by the prosecuting officers of the law. Hence the cry for a censor. What is that cry? What does it ask? It proposes to take the trial of the evil symbol in art out of the hands of the judges and juries who represent the whole community and put the prosecution in the hands of individuals who shall represent the complaining members of the community. It is, in fact, a modified form of lynch law. It asks direct action without the intervention of judge and jury or the benefit of judicial procedure. The wise artist, instead of arguing about mirrors and cheesecloth, will say: "You may pass all the laws you please against moral turpitude in books and plays so long as you leave the enforcement of those laws to judges and juries. I don't expect to move any faster than the civilization in which I live. But don't set up a private Judge Lynch to censor me according to his personal sense of shock. That is a return to barbarism which the community may come to regret."

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The Job versus the Child

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

SOME months ago a group of wealthy, earnest, and charitable ladies met at luncheon in a large city to discuss the needs of the local day nurseries. Like all such nurseries, they existed for the prime purpose of enabling mothers to help support their families by taking the children off their hands during the day. But at the luncheon the ladies backing this philanthropic enterprise had a spasm of doubt and self-searching. Were they, after all—the question was raised officially—encouraging an anti-social tendency, because the day nurseries made it too easy for mothers to work?

Fortunately, they decided that if this disturbing thing were true, they could do nothing about it. But their momentary qualms reflect a widespread conviction that it is unnatural, if not actually immoral, for a married woman with children to work just because she wants to. It is still held by the public at large that only dire necessity excuses her.

Is this opinion justified in the year 1928? Or is it time to abandon for good and all the lingering notion that woman's place is within the literal four walls of the home? Can a working mother provide her children with necessary care and also satisfy her employer?

Concerning the business man's answer to this question I shall presently let some large employers speak for themselves. But as to the children, little doubt remains that they are quite as well off, and in many cases better off, in a modern home where both parents have an outside occupation than under the best of old-fashioned, twenty-four-hour maternal care.

Almost without exception present-day educators confirm the Freudian doctrine that nothing is more disastrous for a child than too much maternal devotion. It is not necessary to accept the sexual implications of the mother complex in order to recognize its existence all around one. The too-much-mothered child in later life is a pathetic and all too common figure, emotionally immature, dependent on other people, and unable to get rid of his infantile feeling that his wishes are automatically gratified. All of which has a decided bearing on the heated—though futile—debate of the hour, as to how far it is right for a mother to lead her own life.

I speak of the debate as futile because, of course, she is doing it, anyway. So far, it is true, the housewives who have gone back to their jobs simply because they prefer them to the deadening domestic grind are a very small minority, yet they are significant out of all proportion to their numbers. The personnel manager of a large New York bank told me that of the eight hundred women in his employ less than two per cent were married. But he was impressed by the great increase, in the course of a single year, in the number of married women applying to him for positions.

A FEW years ago, when pioneer working mothers told you how they had managed to achieve professional distinction along with a home and children, they spoke of a ten or fifteen year interlude devoted to family-raising. Today a big business executive, famous for his sympathetic co-operation with women, estimates the time out for being a mother as about six months. The discrepancy is not altogether due to a weakening of prejudice—nor yet to a falling off in the maternal instinct—with the passing years. A woman who chooses to try it now can swing her double responsibility better than ever before. No one pretends that it is easy. She has to make many adjustments, and she needs the constitution of a channel swimmer. But at least society is meeting her half-way.

Some years ago it was a serious matter for the children if their mother was out of the house an appreciable part of the day. They didn't start to school until they were five or six, and their bringing up to that ripe age, lacking the maternal presence, was left to the casual supervision of servants. A good maid or nurse is still an urgent necessity to most working mothers, but the rest of her problem has been vastly simplified, thanks to modern education. The strictly up-to-date child starts going to school at three or two or sooner. Some of the best infant academies insist on having them at fourteen months.

Under ideal conditions in a large city, the business mamma takes her small offspring at an early hour in the morning and deposits him at a nursery school, where he remains for the better part of the day, receiving such attention and training as the wisest home care cannot provide. He is taught to be self-reliant; to wash and dress himself; to have good manners; to undertake such responsibilities as are involved in the care of goldfish or a canary bird. He is fed and aired and napped, and persuaded to eat spinach by the painless road of seeing everybody else eat it. Most important of all, he learns at this early age that there are other people besides himself in the world, and if he shows undesirable tendencies they are gently corrected.

The trouble with this otherwise ideal solution is that it is not within every parent's reach. All the progressive schools have many times more applications than they can take care of, and there are other drawbacks. I know a couple in New York city who would like nothing better than to send their ten-months-old son to one of these Lilliputian seminaries next fall. But they can't do it, because they live too far away and they have a two-year lease on their apartment. The pupils must be brought on foot or by taxi, or, at the lowest, by Fifth Avenue bus, because they may not be exposed to infection in the subway. Another difficulty for the working mother is that if her infant has one degree of temperature or a slight sniffle he must be kept home to protect the other children, and that frequently means that she is kept home herself.

WHILE the cost of pre-school education, as it is formally called, gives pause for thought, it is seldom prohibitive to parents of the professional classes. One of the best nursery schools in New York charges $175 yearly tuition, with three dollars a week extra for food. Another, which keeps the children from eight-thirty in the morning until four in the afternoon, charges $50 a month for eight months. This is pretty stiff, but it includes delivering your child in a taxi at night in charge of the teacher. And the expense is not as bad as it sounds when you consider what you save in domestics' wages. A number of schools keep the children only from the hours of nine to twelve. But I know

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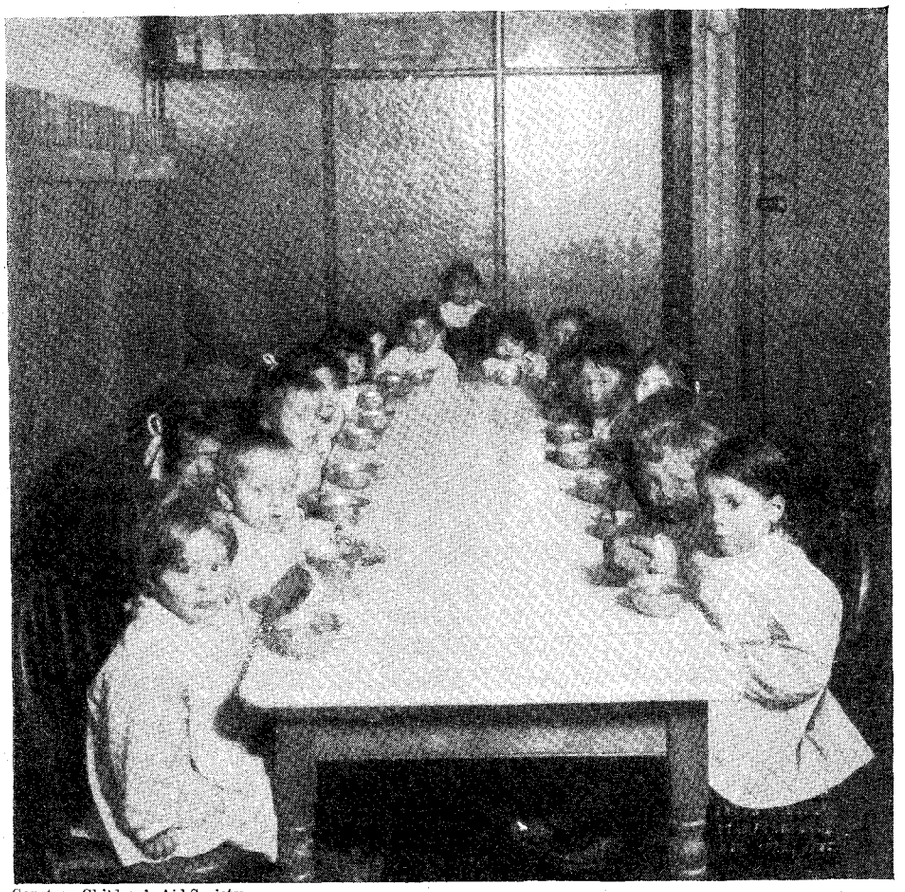

Courtesy Children's Aid Society

"What nursery schools do for mothers of the professional class the free or semi-charitable day nurseries are beginning to do for the rest." These children in a nursery of the Children's Aid Society are having special attention given to nutrition

several mothers who fill out the rest of the day with an excellent nurse and feel safe in going to business.

What nursery schools do for mothers of the professional class the free or semi-charitable day nurseries are beginning to do for the rest. For the current craving to escape the restrictions of the home is not confined to females debauched by higher education, but is permeating the whole social structure. One nursery in a city tenement district found recently that the proportion of families using it while both parents worked had increased in four years from nine per cent to fifty-five per cent. These mothers were out to pay for the extras. They wanted to lighten the burden of illness, keep the children in school longer, or bring a relative to the United States.

Blessing though they are to mothers, however, the day nurseries, like the nursery schools, are far from being a complete solution as yet. Greater New York, for instance, has over fifty run by an Association of Day Nurseries and a few others maintained by settlements. Many of them are admirable institutions, real nursery schools, which follow the approved modern procedure in everything from psychology to sunbaths, with several hundred times more benefit to their charges than days spent in a dingy tenement. They are open from seven-thirty in the morning to six at night, and children are taken care of for as little as ten to twenty cents a day.

YET hundreds of mothers who would like to use them are unable to. There is the difficulty I have mentioned before that a child may be frequently kept out with slight colds. Again, some women find that the daily routine of getting the children ready and taking them to the nursery is too much of a strain when it is added to marketing, dishwashing, and a job—especially if the nursery is in one direction and one's place of employment in the other.

But the principal difficulty in New York seems to be that most of the nurseries are closed Saturday afternoons and many all day Saturday. This is all very well for domestic and industrial workers who get Saturdays off, but it often serves to place the nursery and the job itself out of reach for another class of women. These are the office workers, waitresses, telephone operators, and the like. As they are higher in the social and financial scale, they are less likely than the industrial class to be employed after marriage because bitter necessity drives them. Instead, they tend to reflect the recent inclination of wives to work because they like it and the extra income it brings. The nurseries have not yet adjusted themselves to this particular demand, and, although they have talked vaguely of remaining open all day Saturday, they have not done it.

Partly as a result of this, the Children's Aid Society is constantly getting applications from women who want to board their children out because there is nothing else they can do with them. The Society has a department of boarding-homes through which it places children with approved families in the country for six dollars a week. This is a pretty desperate measure, designed for those cases in which the mother is responsible for her children's bare support and can't possibly keep them with her. Consequently, it is disconcerting when a young woman walks into the Society's office, as occasionally happens, and blandly states that, though her husband can support her, she would like to board her baby because she is temperamentally unfitted for infant care and would rather go back to her job.

No doubt these young women should never have had children, but there they are. The Society does not feel called upon to moralize at them, but believes that, as boarding-homes are usually at a premium, the more urgent cases should be considered first.

By this time I think we may safely conclude one thing: that as soon as there are more nurseries, more mothers will use them. Incidentally, when that happy day comes no one will profit by it more than the full-time housewife. Cleaning, cooking, dishwashing, mending, and marketing will go more smoothly when the little darlings are bestowed elsewhere for part of the day.

The somewhat inadequate arrangements I have described so far are limited to large cities. But a very interesting community experiment in Northampton, Massachusetts, is already demonstrating what can be done in a smaller town. Under the direction of Ethel Puffer Howes, the Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests is trying all sorts of co-operative schemes for giving wives and mothers some time off.

Started a little over two years ago, the Institute has had great success with its nursery school, which is co-operative in

(*Please turn to continuation, page 37*)

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The World This Week

An Interrupted Voyage

THE flight and plight of the Bremen have aroused public interest more acutely than any aviation event since Lindbergh flew to Paris. When Koehl, von Huenefeld, and Fitzmaurice reach New York, they will receive a vociferous and eager welcome. That may possibly happen before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers, but up to April 23 the fliers have been held back by circumstances beyond control.

Naturally, the fliers are anxious and determined (if it be possible) to finish in their own now famous plane the journey as originally planned to New York. But storm, illness, mechanical needs, and the remoteness of Greenly Island up to that time left it uncertain just what could be done and how long it would take.

Major Fitzmaurice left the vicinity of Greenly Island on the Canadian Transportation plane, chartered by the New York "World" and the North American Newspaper Alliance, on its return to Murray Bay. His object was to get new parts for repairs to the Bremen, to buy relief supplies, and to consult with Miss Junkers, who represents the builders of the Bremen. It was planned that a Ford tri-motor plane should fly to Greenly Island piloted by the famous aviators, Floyd Bennett and Bernt Balchen; both men have been ill, and Bennett at the last minute had an attack of pneumonia and as we write is in a serious condition at a hospital. Despite this setback, the relief plane started from Lake St. Agnes, near Murray Bay, with Balchen, Fitzmaurice, and an expert mechanic. Its weight, 12,000 pounds, nearly prevented its start (it ran about a mile before it took the air), but it reached Seven Islands safely, and at our last accounts was nearing Greenly Island.

Under discouraging circumstances, all those connected with the problem of relief, repairs, and resumption of the voyage have shown courage and persistency.

Herta Junkers

SOMETHING new in aviation for ladies has been going on at Murray Bay, Quebec. Usually the young women connected with flying feats smile and pose in the spot-light while their male partners do the work and take the responsibility. But the tremendous, intricate task of getting the crippled Bremen off the rocks of Greenly Island was directed by a tall, lean, blonde young woman of twenty-nine.

The young woman, Miss Herta Junkers, is the daughter of Professor Hugo Junkers, who designed the all-metal plane which made the first east-to-west Atlantic crossing on April 12–13. Officially she is assistant treasurer and a director of the Junkers Corporation of America; practically she is her father's chief representative here. She is not only an experienced pilot, she has had thirteen years of engineering experience. In Germany in 1915 she persuaded her father to let her leave boarding-school so she could have the practical experience of working in his laboratories during the war. After the Armistice she resumed her schooling, and a few years later was graduated from the Technical University at Munich with high honors in aerodynamics. For six months she tried housekeeping, was bored almost to death, and fled back to the laboratory. She has been in America since 1925.

With Major Fitzmaurice as her leading consultant, hers was the voice of authority on repairing the Bremen and on resolving the difficulties which lay between it and New York. She knows all there is to know about the construction of the plane, and considerably more than the three gallant men who flew it across the Atlantic. Miss Junkers still further disproved the theory of feminine weakness when she denied herself the thrill of flying on the relief ship to Greenly Island to meet her countrymen. She explained that she gave her place to "three more cans of the precious gasoline."

Eastward Across the Polar Sea

GEOGRAPHERS and explorers agree that the flight of Captain George H. Wilkins across the polar regions was a major exploit in aviation. It reversed in a measure the flight of the Norge under command of Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile from Spitzbergen to Point Barrow, in Alaska. But, while the great airship passed almost directly over the North Pole, Wilkins purposely took a more southern route, with his nearest point to the Pole about 300 miles away from it.

The object of this was the paramount idea of the voyage; the course planned and executed took Wilkins and his pilot, Eielson, in their monoplane over that section of unexplored region where Peary and later adventurers saw what seemed to be indications of land. Wilkins had clear views and excellent opportunities, but saw no islands, jutting rocks, or even cloud indications of land.

To most of us it may not seem very important whether or not a few ice-clad crags or arid islands exist in the high Arctic degrees of latitude. To scientists, and especially to geographers, it is an important addition to human knowledge of the globe on which we live to know what the exact facts are.

In its extent the Wilkins flight was notable. For 2,200 miles, over ice and mostly over a region never before traversed by man or plane, the expedition flew without stop or misadventure. Only at the end, as was the case with the Bremen in its transatlantic east-to-west voyage, did they meet with trouble. Also like the Bremen, the Wilkins plane was forced down by weather on a little island, called by Wilkins Dead Man's Island. There the fliers were marooned

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by storm five days. The second flight—that to Green Harbor, Spitzbergen—was easily accomplished.

Wilkins is an Australian; Eielson is an American. Thus two continents may share the honor of this exploit in the Arctic. Wilkins has planned and partly executed other Arctic exploration trips, patiently and determinedly meeting setbacks and renewing his efforts. Now he has done precisely what he has had in mind to accomplish, and he will receive due recognition.

Governor Smith in North Carolina

THOUGH it was a brief vacation, not a political adventure, Governor Smith's visit to North Carolina is apparently going to have political consequences. His engaging personality has made an impression upon North Carolinians who were not naturally inclined to a political leader whom they thought of chiefly as a wet, a Catholic, and a prominent product of Tammany Hall. There are reports that the Democratic organization of which Senator Simmons is leader, who is strongly opposed to Governor Smith's nomination, has been weakening. On the other hand, personal popularity is not always a sign of political strength and cheering crowds do not always give promise of political support. Whatever the effect of this trip to the South may be on his political fortunes, it has increased Governor Smith's personal prestige.

Hoover's Fine Record in China

IN a whispering campaign strange charges have been made linking Herbert Hoover's name with business transactions in China that were not honorable. To finance and reorganize a Chinese mining company during the Boxer uprising over a quarter of a century ago an English company was formed. To induce the Chinese company to make the contract with the English company a memorandum was signed. Mr. Hoover participated as a mining engineer employed by the English company. The memorandum was not carried out by the English company, and a suit was brought which was tried in England. The whispering campaign is one of insinuation against Mr. Hoover's part in this business. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Hoover whose part in reorganizing the company, in the first place, and whose testimony in the suit, in the second place, saved the Chinese interests from being imposed upon.

A tribute to Mr. Hoover's part in this affair has recently been paid by one of the most distinguished of living Chinese, the former Premier of China, Tong Shao-yi. In an interview with B. W. Fleisher, publisher of the "Japan Advertiser," an American newspaper of Tokyo, Mr. Tong declared that "Mr. Hoover's record in China is clean and honorable, highly creditable, and in many ways remarkable." His action during the period of the Boxer uprising, Mr. Tong declares, protected the property and prevented looting, and later, after his connection with the company had terminated, his testimony as a witness helped the Chinese to secure their rights. Mr. Tong has great admiration, not only for this action of Mr. Hoover's, but also for his bravery in risking his life for the rescue of others, including members of Mr. Tong's family. Mr. Hoover at that time was only twenty-four years old.

Mr. Tong speaks from special knowledge, because it was his uncle who founded the company, and he himself is probably the only Chinese living who was closely identified with the company during Mr. Hoover's connection with it.

Mr. Tong's statements confirm statements that have been made in Congress on the subject.

The Outlook has photographic copies of the reports of the case as they were printed in the London "Times" in 1902 and 1903, and those reports fully substantiate what Mr. Tong has said in his tribute to Mr. Hoover.

How Radio Affects the Weather

TALES of hair turning gray overnight and other tales that are traditionally ascribed to old wives are no more persistent, even if more time-honored, than the tale that "radio waves make weather bad," a recent headline from a prominent metropolitan journal. Captain W. H. Parker, master of the Homeric, is said to have attributed recent increases in stormy weather to the equally recent development of the radio. The Captain is undoubtedly right in the matter of storms, being on his own ground—or water, as it were—in such matters. But the storms would have come just the same had the radio never been discovered.

There is always a temptation to trace a direct connection between two concurrent events, and indeed such a connection often exists. For example, it has been discovered by some supreme genius that large communities and good harbors often happen to coincide geographically. On the other hand, it is easy to show that the radio can have no appreciable effect upon the weather, for all the troubled undulations of the circumambient jelly of the ether brought about by

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THE PROMISED LAND

This barren waste—Greenly Island seen from the air—was the first real view of America to greet the eyes of the Bremen fliers

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broadcasting do not represent enough energy to establish a storm in a back yard, nor even a tempest in a teapot. It takes ridiculously little power to set a world of radio receivers in action, while the smallest storm involves natural forces measurable in billions of horsepower. Again, on statistical grounds it is equally easy to refute the claims of those who still suspect the radio of weather villainy. The earth's weather is anything but uniform from decade to decade, and it is easy to demonstrate that there has always been a passage of weather cycles, not merely attested by man-made records (comparatively recent), but far back into the past by means of the rings of trees both living and fossil. How these changes could have taken place with no radio to cause them is a question we dare not attempt to answer. They show, at any rate, that the radio has no pull with the weather man. What is most needed is not something that will rescue the weather from the abuses of the radio, but something which will rescue the radio from the abuses of the weather.

Spring in China

HOUSE-CLEANING on a national scale is getting under way with the arrival of spring in China. The Nationalists, from their capital of Nanking, are driving northward once more against the militarist rulers of Peking. They have been drawing close to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province; and foreigners have begun to flee from that strategically important city. At the same time, Japan has despatched troops to Shantung, just as last year, provoking protests from both Nanking and Peking.

In the northern capital much discontent and disorder is rumored to prevail. The police have not been paid for months; and the northern forces are said to have lost much of the organization they had last year. But China is China, a land of uncertainties; and April is too early to tell what the political weather map will show in June, or even in May.

France for Peace and Order

POINCARÉ has apparently maintained his hold upon the Government of France. That was indicated by early returns from the elections held on Sunday, April 22. But such early indications can scarcely be called definite—for two reasons. In the first place, France is politically divided into many groups, each of them representing some idea or policy. Of the many candidates, some have no party connection at all. Therefore the effect of the elections on a national leader is inferred rather than directly indicated. In the second place, these elections are in a sense preliminary. If a candidate fails to get a clear majority, there has to be a second ballot, which this year occurs on April 29. So far the returns do not record the election of any Communists on the first ballot, but in some districts they show gains for Communists in pluralities over other opponents of Poincaré. Unquestionably, one source of strength for the Government has been the popularity of the peace policy of Briand.

Germany's Comeback

How far Germany has recovered from the business and industrial depression that paralyzed her economic life five years ago, the report of her revenues for the fiscal year just ended proves. The total was 8,490,000,000 marks, more than 200,000,000 marks above the estimate issued in December by S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments.

That surplus is nearly half the amount charged to the German Budget for reparations under the Dawes Plan for the year ending in August—500,000,000 marks. It is true that the surplus fails to balance the Budget. But that is because Germany has made "supplementary expenditures" during the year that bring the whole amount of the governmental outlay above 9,000,000,000 marks, leaving a deficit as large as the item for reparations to be met by short-term loans. But, on the face of these figures, no one will doubt that Germany has measurably recovered and has a very respectable "capacity to pay."

The President Again Refuses the Crown

FOR the fourth time President Coolidge has made clear his decision not to be a candidate this year for re-election. In spite of his former declarations, political leaders have been engaged in several States in a movement to "draft Coolidge." Hearing that this movement had taken definite form in his own State of Massachusetts, the President wrote to the Republican State Chairman of Massachusetts, Francis Prescott, that the proposed action of some persons to write his name as a candidate on the ballots in the Massachusetts primaries would be "most embarrassing." In the course of his letter he refers to the use of his name in New York in a way that is contrary to his wishes.

He notes the claim that has been made that such use is with his consent, and says that to give countenance to such a movement in his own State would tend to compromise him and "lend color to the misrepresentations that are being made in other States." He requests that such action be discontinued.

The Volstead Act Upheld

THE members of the National Republican Club of New York have decided that the prohibition question is one regarding which practical politicians must be silent. At a spirited meeting last week they did the expected thing and voted down, by a large majority, a report of the Club's National Affairs Committee which called for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The original report of the National Affairs Committee professed to ignore the wet-and-dry issue. Its recommendation for a repeal plank at the Kansas City Convention was based upon the theory that the Eighteenth Amendment violates the established theory of American government. By its nature, the Committee set forth, the Prohibition Amendment nullified the earlier ones guaranteeing freedom to the individual.

This rather academic distinction faded, as every one knew that it would fade, as soon as the members of the National Republican Club assembled to debate the matter. The first speaker for the drys announced that he would resign from the Club if the report were adopted. "Go ahead," yelled several irreverent wets. In the end, the report was voted down; not because the members had any very definite belief in prohibition, but because rejection was expedient. One speaker caused shudders of apprehension to pass through the assemblage when he said that to encourage the wets would be to aid and abet the candidacy of Alfred E. Smith.

The meeting at which all this took place was secret, but most of the details leaked out and were duly recorded in the press. It is interesting to note that President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, an ardent wet, was present but did not speak. Most of the important local leaders felt it prudent to remain away from the meeting.

The Spark Makers

No one knows what may come as a result of the present strides being made by physicists in the generation of electricity at extremely high voltages. Newspaper accounts tell us of the progress, but they do not tell us of the purpose. Either it is thought that we can-

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THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME

Greenly Island children expressing their approval of Captain Koehl (right) and Baron von Huenefeld

not comprehend, or the reporter has no inkling of the real purpose of these spectacular experiments in which great resounding sparks crash about the heads of those who direct their creation.

Not long ago it was thought that the million-volt sparks released in the high-tension laboratories of the General Electric Company represented about the highest electric pressure man could reasonably aspire to make. But now two physicists, Dr. Breit and Dr. Tuve, experimenting at the Carnegie Institution of Washington, have succeeded in generating currents at 5,000,000 volts. These are not of the nature of the electric currents of ordinary experience, but are concentrated surges only about one-millionth of a second in measurable duration. What the scientists are seeking comprises two things, in particular. One is the generation of very high speed particles—electrons—for bombarding atoms, performing hoped-for transmutations of elements, and duplicating on a mass scale the potent particles emitted by radium. The other is the concomitant generation by means of tubes of ether waves like light and X rays, but far higher in frequency; the higher the frequency, the higher the form of natural radiation man can duplicate. The upper limit of voltage, far beyond reach as yet, is about 50,000,000 volts, corresponding to the creative cosmic rays made popularly known by Millikan, the noted physicist.

If man ever extends his control as far as that, he will doubtless have come into powers little dreamed of today. But why? For what purpose? Specifically, it is still hard to say. These things are only beginnings. Yet it has become a commonplace that in science such seemingly valueless beginnings usually turn out to have endings of undreamed-of practical worth to man. The spark makers are feeling around in the dark to see what they can stumble on. Most of the past progress of science has thus been made by similarly adventuresome opportunists.

Fighting Stock in the Inland Area

MAJOR-GENERAL HARRY A. SMITH, Commander of the Seventh Corps Area, has spoken his mind about the view often expressed that the inland region of the United States is lukewarm on National preparedness, if not worse.

"I travel over the country, and hear it said again and again that the Middle West is pacifistic," General Smith says. "They say to me, 'I don't see how you get along so well out there, because those people are a lot of pacifists.' But there isn't a word of truth in it. I tell them so."

If the view of the section is as prevalent as General Smith's observations indicate, it is not at all clear how it originated. It was not unfamiliar in connection with response of the region to the plea in behalf of President Wilson in 1916 that "he kept us out of war." And there has been the assumption that the area, because of a sense of inland security, has not appreciated so keenly as other regions a need of preparedness. But records of its representatives in Congress and of enlistments in the World War do not bear out that idea; nor was response to the slogan of 1916 confined to the section.

General Smith says that the Seventh Corps Area—Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota—has more R. O. T. C. units and members than any other area; that its rifle team last year "earned the highest rating in the history of the Army, except some of the regular teams;" that it leads in reserve officers in training; and that "this region was not settled by pacifists."

To the last, older residents on the border between Missouri and "bleeding Kansas" could abundantly testify.

Nonsense or Good Engineering?

ONCE more the much-projected landing-stations at sea—great floating rafts anchored in the middle of the Atlantic for transoceanic aviators—have come in for public discussion; it is announced that the first of these artificial islands is soon to be built. This is one of the most provocative subjects in the argumentative repertoire of the man on the street, and the opinions heard are seldom lukewarm or half-hearted; he is either for the idea or he thinks it is sheer nonsense.

While the project seems to be governed largely by its economic aspects, there is no really unsurmountable engineering obstacle to it. The rafts can be constructed, they will float, and, built as planned, with slender legs placed on deeply submerged hollow bulbs of steel, they will be affected by wave motion to a far less extent than ordinary surface vessels. They must be anchored in some manner, but there is no insuperable diffi-

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culty in this, though the anchor gear required must necessarily be heavy; cables several miles long would be required in mid-ocean in order to provide that long, slanting curve whose variable sag acts in all anchor gear as an absorber of sudden shocks. Statements that the islands would be placed on steel supports —stilts—reaching all the way to bottom may safely be dismissed as sheer nonsense, originating, doubtless, with some good feature writer. In three miles of height—even when partly buoyed up by the water—the stilts would collapse of their own weight.

From an engineering point of view there are many things which look harebrained but are feasible, just as many plausible appearing projects are harebrained. Given money, an engineer can accomplish almost anything. In this case, how much money? Will it pay? We attempt no answer, but we think it can be done.

The D. A. R. Upholds the Black List

THE Daughters of the American Revolution, gathered in convention at Washington, promptly squelched an insurgent movement protesting against the organization's semi-ludicrous black list. Only fourteen of the nearly two thousand delegates felt that the individual chapters of the D. A. R. should have the right to select speakers without interference. Mrs. Eleanor Roy, of Kansas, who opposed the black list, was greeted with hisses when she announced that she belonged to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Pacifism—meaning any agitation against war —landed scores of publicists and writers on the D. A. R.'s proscribed list.

Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, had previously expressed her approval of the black list, and the action of the Convention was a vindication of her position. But it was a triumph, also, for Fred R. Marvin, Director of the Key Men of America. Mr. Marvin, whose name has previously appeared in these columns, assists such organizations as the D. A. R. in learning about radicals and pacifists. The Key Men of America has worked with the D. A. R. in behalf of further immigration restriction, and Mr. Marvin sells, for $6 a year, "Daily Data Sheets" giving detailed information about "subversive activities."

The press accounts of the Washington Convention are reminiscent of National political gatherings. The ladies showed their familiarity with steam-roller methods and the foes of the black list were quickly flattened. One of the last acts of the delegates was to take from Mrs. Ellenore Dutcher Key, of Maryland, a contract under which she furnishes official pins. Mrs. Key had supported the resolution condemning the black list.

Meanwhile, the Washington Council on International Relations issued a statement in which it was said that, "however disagreable the task, it becomes an obligation to insist upon holding the D. A. R. and its officers sternly to accountability for having brought odium and ridicule upon an organization for which many who are not in its membership have had a sentimental regard."

A Conductor Scores Americans

AFTER a sojourn in this country as Guest Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Pierre Monteux has left behind him a scathing criticism of American, and specifically Philadelphian, concert audiences. "People who are musically uneducated," he has said in an interview with the Philadelphia "Jewish Times," "are given the powers and liberty to choose the conductors for this world-known symphony troupe. This is unheard of abroad. There the members of the orchestra are permitted to choose their leader. They know who is best suited. That is something those who appoint the guest conductors here cannot boast of. Philadelphians want a slim conductor who pays a great deal of attention to his tailor. Perhaps that is the reason why my popularity here was sort of half-hearted. . . . Philadelphia audiences think they know something about music, but they know nothing. They talk of teas and dresses and parties while the concert is going on. . . . Philadelphians and, in fact, all Americans want to be bluffed."

At his final concert in New York with the Philadelphia Orchestra, M. Monteux, who for several years was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and was a familiar visitor to the metropolis, received an ovation.

Appreciative musical audiences, in spite of what M. Monteux has said, are in the making. An orchestra of three hundred high school pupils from thirty-eight States, under the direction of Frederick Stock, gave a creditable performance of Dvorak's "New World Symphony" recently in Chicago; under the direction of Joseph E. Maddy performed two numbers of Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Grieg's Piano Concerto, and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture; and, under the direction of the composer, Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony."

Five Million Slaves

How many countries tolerate slavery and how many slaves are living today? To both questions the answers given by a report of a League of Nations commission and by the President of the British Anti-Slavery Society, Mr Charles Roberts, are surprising.

There are, it seems, eighteen countries or political areas in which slave-owning slave-trading, or slave-raiding exists The list reads like the answers to a geographical questionnaire. Morocco, Liberia, Sahara, and Abyssinia are the largest offenders. Little known are Kufra, Eritrea, Sierra Leone, Rio de Oro, Nepal. In Abyssinia the slave trade is "open, cruel, and fiendish." As to numbers, the total is estimated by the commission as from four to five million slaves.

The British boast that no slave can breathe under the British flag is not true as regards British spheres of influence and mandated territory; but Great Britain has caused the liberation of nearly half a million slaves since the end of the World War, and has also urged that the transfer of slaves by water should be considered an act of piracy, but has failed to get other Powers to agree.

Modern slavery takes some modern disguises, such as contract labor, peonage, and the enslaving of children under pretext of adoption—an extensive practice in China.

Greed and cruelty follow in the wake of human slavery, however disguised. The League of Nations has a mission to eradicate such world evils as commerce in opiates and commerce in men.

Teeing Up

IT is an imposing enough team that this country has named for the Walker Cup golf matches of the season. Headed by Robert Tyre Jones, of Atlanta, the list of players selected for the defense of the trophy against the invasion of Great Britain contains seven other names almost as imposing in the ranks of amateur golfers as the captain's. They are Jess Sweetser, George von Elm, Charles Evans, Jr., Francis Ouimet, Harrison R. Johnston, Watts Gunn, and Roland Mackenzie.

The return of the veteran Chick Evans to the front rank of the amateurs is hailed with joy by the many friends of this Middle Western star. It is considered that the honor of playing on this

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Springfield, Missouri

eam has been due to Evans for the magnificent fights he had made against Jones in the last two amateur tournaments. In both of these it was the veteran Evans, rather than any of the newer stars of the game, who gave Jones his hardest tasks.

Jess Sweetser's selection marks the return to health of this young Yale graduate who, two years ago, won a sensational victory in the British amateur and returned home to start a long and hard fight against ill health, a fight which he has apparently won. That British victory of Sweetser's remains one of the most dramatic in the history of golf, for he was a very sick man when he started play and his stubborn fight through to the title was accomplished against terrific odds.

The winter season of golf in the South has ended and play started throughout the North. Among the most interesting of the players to perform during the more prominent of the tournaments of the winter circuit was Mrs. O. S. Hill, of Kansas City, the winner of the North and South at Pinehurst. This event, always at the end of the season, has the best fields entered. Mrs. Hill played remarkable golf to go through a field of opponents that included Miss Glenna Collett, two times a National Champion; Miss Maureen Orcutt, runner-up to Mrs. Miriam Horn in the championship of 1927; Miss Helen Payson, the Canadian ladies' champion; and Miss Virginia Van Wie, of Chicago, who was a sensational player through the earlier tournaments of the winter.

Mrs. Hill defeated Miss Payson 5 and 3 in the second round, defeated Miss Collett in the semi-final, and defeated Miss Van Wie in the final by the very handsome score of 6 and 5.

Trees for Parks

EVEN small parks without trees would hardly be parks at all. Our National Parks likewise should be well supplied with tree-covered expanses, though forestry is not the objective of the National Park Service. On the other hand, Congress seems reluctant to buy bits of forest for inclusion in the Parks. In fact, most of the park area not already in the public domain came through gifts from States, associations, and individuals.

Thus it happens that the Yosemite National Park is in danger of a diminishing area of tree-covered land. There exist such areas, some of them containing extremely fine stands of splendid trees, apart from the Big Trees in Sequoia Park, which were rescued by private purchase and presented to the people. Some of these areas, owned by lumber interests which will sooner or later deforest them, are within the outer boundaries of the Park. Mr. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, has lately pointed out that Congress should take this pressing need up for action and purchase these private tree-islands inside a public park while the opportunity still exists. Some gains have been made in area by exchange of forest lands owned by the National Park Service but not needed for park purposes for privately owned sections where the reverse is true, but this has not always worked well.

The policy of Congress as to acquiring park land seems to be based on the hope that societies and persons enthusiastic in extending our beautiful National Parks will provide the money. This is not a noble nor a National state of mind.

A Dance of Death

SEVERAL days after forty persons out of about sixty in attendance at a dance at West Plains, Missouri, had been killed by a sudden explosion and wreckage of the dance hall, the exact cause of the disaster remained a mystery. Indications were that it might never be determined. It does not seem that knowledge is essential to prevention of such casualties.

The dance hall was above a public garage, in which automobiles and a considerable amount of gasoline were stored. Whether the explosion was set off deliberately or was purely accidental, the hazard was there. It was a source of danger recognized generally in regulations designed to prohibit occupancy of quarters in or near buildings where large quantities of gasoline are kept. There seems to have been no restriction as to use of the hall in this case. And, according to safety officials who have expressed opinions on the West Plains disaster, where protective measures of this nature exist with reference to hotels, apartments, and other structures they often are disregarded.

A district manager of the Missouri Inspection Bureau who investigated the catastrophe advanced the theory that the explosion was due to gasoline fumes in or beneath the garage, which had been ignited. "One gallon of gasoline, properly vaporized," he declared, "has the power of eighty pounds of dynamite." Evidently, gasoline, in large or small amounts, is not a safe neighbor—unless it is securely confined. But human nature is imperfect, and it learns caution only at severe cost.

From Washington

The Jury Acquits; the Public Condemns

No court has the right to review a trial jury's verdict of acquittal. Harry F. Sinclair, therefore, is free of the charge of conspiring to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. In the civil case, the United States Supreme Court found the Teapot Dome transaction tainted with fraud; but in the criminal case the charge was the specific one of conspiracy, and it was that on which the jury rendered the verdict of "Not guilty."

The jury which tried Sinclair appeared to the layman to be made up of men of somewhat higher type than those who usually sit on criminal court juries. These men were selected by the presiding judge himself, counsel, of course, retaining the right of challenge.

The verdict was, in Washington at least, decidedly unpopular. The men who sat on the jury will probably suffer, in prestige if not in purse. At least one of them has intimated that he will probably lose his job. It is to be hoped that he misjudges his employer.

There has been no intimation that the jury was in any way improperly influenced. It was kept locked up. That, of course, might not have prevented an attempt, even a successful attempt, at tampering. Sinclair is already under conviction for contempt of court for causing the jury to be shadowed at a previous trial; but the American people still retain a large measure of faith in the jury system. The verdict, though it be unpopular, will, of course, be accepted as honest.

An Incomplete Record

THE Sinclair case was ably conducted on both sides. Messrs. Roberts and Pomerene, special Government counsel appointed by the President, deserve well of the Government and of the public which they served. Conspiracy is recognized everywhere in this country as the most difficult of all crimes to prove. These exceptionally able lawyers had one of the most difficult cases in the history of American courts, and handled it as well as any case was ever handled. The verdict of acquittal in no way diminished the value of their work to the public. Legal penalty is by no means the whole of the deterrent effect of criminal trials.

The evidence presented by the Government was held by the jury not to establish legal guilt; but in the light of

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the Supreme Court's opinion the transaction will be held by the jury of public opinion to have involved moral obliquity.

The defense was not permitted to introduce former Secretary of the Navy Denby as a witness. It chose not to introduce as evidence the deposition of former Secretary of the Interior Fall, named jointly with Sinclair in the indictment. From the standpoint of the public, the record of the trial will be something less than a satisfactory record of the Teapot Dome transaction. The record of the Senate investigation will in some respects remain a closer approach to a complete record.

The acquittal of Sinclair doubtless ends, but for two contempt cases which hang over him, the criminal phase of the oil-leasing cases. Albert B. Fall, Sinclair's co-defendant, was, because of his poor health, granted a separate trial and postponement. The indictment against him, based on the same set of facts, will probably be dismissed.

Controlling the Flood—in Congress

THE President has won his fight with Congress over Mississippi River flood control. He may get a bill not to his liking, but he will get recognition of his contention that the localities in which the work is to be done share the cost with the Federal Government, and he will get some diminution of what he regards as excessive "pork" in the bill.

It is not that Congress has been converted to the President's way of thinking. The House would be glad to pass the bill substantially as it was unanimously passed by the Senate. But Congressmen do not dare go home to face an election without a flood control plan definitely made into law, and they have become convinced that they must at least compromise with the President in order to get his signature. Therefore House action has been delayed pending adjustments. Since most Congressmen choose to run this year and the President does not, they, and not he, would suffer from a veto.

For once, the President has been vigorously outspoken in denunciation of a bill. It may be that not all of the facts he cites against the Flood Control Bill were carefully considered; he may not have had time to check them. Members of the House who are as much opposed as the President to the Senate and the House Committee plan are not prepared to say, for instance, that lumber companies would be in position to be peculiarly benefited. They are inclined to believe that, because of the somewhat unusual wording of the bill, this place of distinction would be occupied by railroad companies alone. But among the lobbyists for the bill there have been sinister figures reputedly employed by lumber interests, and the presence of these unlovely individuals is, perhaps, sufficient to warrant the President's apprehensions of a grabbing hand in the glove of humanity.

The compromise as planned will place no onerous burden upon the flood States. Local contributions will be confined to purchase of the rights of way for the main levees, an item which, it is estimated, will not exceed $500,000. The Federal Government will still bear the cost of lands purchased for floodways, probably $200,000,000. But the provision making the Federal Government liable for a sort of double damage to the railroads will be eliminated.

The compromise calls, too, for a planning board of three instead of five members, with the chief of Army engineers largely in control. Here, if anywhere, the fight will be made on the compromise. The people of the flood country are by no means in love with the Army engineers.

Coolidge, Harmonizer of Doctrines

Is it possible that America, after being at war with itself for a hundred and fifty years over two supposedly antagonistic conceptions of Government, has produced a man and made him President in whom is combined and harmonized the essentials of both conceptions? Specifically, does Calvin Coolidge combine in his political thinking both Jeffersonism as modified by Jackson and Hamiltonism as modified by Lincoln?

It has been, naturally, accepted without question that Coolidge, Republican President, is in doctrine the successor of Hamilton and Lincoln. Yet on various occasions he has revealed himself as a Jeffersonian. And but just now, when Tennessee placed a bronze likeness of Andrew Jackson in Statuary Hall under the dome of the Capitol, President Coolidge accepted it in a speech which seemed to reveal him as a Jacksonian. His speech was, in the main, a biographical sketch, not essentially different from that which was printed on the program of the proceedings, but he here and there interpolated expressions of views which disclosed large admiration for the democratic Nationalism of the man who was at once closest to the people and the most dictatorial of all our Presidents.

On the day of that delivery the Daughters of the American Revolution were gathering in Washington for their annual Convention, and a day or two later President Coolidge addressed them. Without mentioning the name of Jefferson, he devoted his attention almost wholly to a laudation of State's rights and local self-government in thoroughly Jeffersonian fashion. He deplored the apparent willingness of the States and of smaller governmental units to surrender their freedom in return for Federal aid of almost any sort, and seemed to reveal the fear that America is by way of losing its heritage because laziness has supplanted love of liberty.

Those who see in the sayings of public men only the expression of the exigencies of the hour may believe that the President meant to appeal to the new disciples of State's rights brought into being by prohibition. But the President has said similar things too many times, under too many sets of circumstances, over too long a period, for that to be true.

Frank R. Kent, in his "History of the Democratic Party," recently off the press, says that even Jefferson could not consistently practice Jeffersonian doctrine when he was President. Oscar Underwood, in "Drifting Sands of Party Politics," which is equally fresh from the press, says that in Governmental affairs "we cannot look alone to the spoken word or the written declaration" of the men who control them. The quality of Calvin Coolidge's political belief will be finally determined from the record of his years in public office.

Good Lobbyists?

ONCE a great deal of comment was brought forth by the statement that there were good trusts. Now Senator Bruce, of Maryland, has startled the Nation by declaring that there are good lobbyists, or words tantamount.

This statement came after Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, had hurled the short and ugly word at organizations and individuals who try to influence legislation or claim that they are able to do so. Caraway said that there are between 350 and 400 lobbying organizations in Washington, but he named directly only the representative of the National Reclamation Association, who, the Senator said, had circulated lies about flood control.

Senator Bruce interrupted to say that some of the 350 or 400 organizations furnish accurate information in good faith.

Senator Caraway was speaking on his own resolution authorizing a Senate in-

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Rollin Kirby in the New York World

The show that flopped

vestigation of lobbying. The resolution recites, among other things, that "the lobby located in and around Washington filches from the American public more money under a false claim that they can influence legislation than the legislative branch of this Government costs the taxpayers. The lobby seeks by all means to capitalize for themselves every interest and every sentiment of the American public which can be made to yield an unclean dollar for their greedy pockets."

Cole Blease Blazes

LOCAL self-government came in for another warming up during the week. Cole Blease broke out in the Senate. Speaking on a migratory bird bill, he denounced everything from intermediate credit banking to Herbert Hoover's method of getting Negro delegates from the Southern States. He displayed the zeal, if not the eloquence, of William L. Yancey and Robert Y. Hayne. He did not threaten secession or even nullification, but he did serve notice that South Carolina was mighty tired of Federal tyranny and had got to be let alone.

At last Senator Cole Blease, of South Carolina, has been true to his past by his course in the Senate. For a long time it looked as though he were a changed man. He said little, and that not of the fire-eating, ante-bellum Southern type that was expected of him. On more than one occasion he intimated from the floor that he was seriously considering joining the Republicans, actually if not nominally.

And then suddenly, in one flaming speech, he made good for all of his old traditions. That speech was all that could have been expected from the Cole Blease whom the country used to know so well. The South has a job of apologizing that will keep it busy for some time.

To Block Block Booking

THE tendency to monopoly in motion pictures is to be broken up by law, if Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, succeeds, as he believes he will, in securing passage of a bill now before the Committee on inter-State Commerce. The anti-trust laws are to be made more thoroughly applicable to the motion-picture industry to the end that blind booking and block booking may be prohibited in inter-State commerce.

Supporters of the bill see in "blind booking" a system whereby the exhibitor is denied the right to see the product he is to lease and to select such part of it as he thinks would suit the taste of his patrons. The associated term, "block booking," is a practice which forces an exhibitor to lease all of the product of a certain distributer in order to get any of it. It is said that the exhibitor is forced thus to show poor films, since the combination of producers is such that an exhibitor cannot continue in business unless he submits to blind and block booking.

It is claimed that the quality of motion pictures would be generally improved if these practices were broken up.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

TWO IDEAS of the way to prevent war—the American and the French—stand contrasted in the proposals made by Secretary Kellogg and Foreign Minister Briand to the other Powers.

The question is whether Mr. Kellogg's suggestion for a treaty against war, or M. Briand's, represents the majority view also of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Briefly, the American draft is a simply stated agreement to condemn any recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and to renounce war as an instrument of national policy as between the parties. It leaves the settlement of all disputes of whatever nature or origin to be sought by pacific means. It also leaves the right of action in self-defense or against any violator of the treaty unstated, as if implied in the sovereignty of each nation and in the nature of the agreement itself.

The French draft, characteristically, goes further in making precise specifications. In renouncing war, it says what it means by defining the kind of war—"an instrument of individual, spontaneous, and independent political action." It reserves the right of legitimate self-defense and the right of liberty to act against an aggressor violating the treaty. It further provides that the compact shall not take effect until generally accepted, unless the parties agree. This obviously aims to maintain the pledges of France to her Continental allies—Poland, for instance—in case another party to the treaty should go to war with one of them.

The bargaining is really in its first stages. A great deal of discussion is already under way as to whether the French reservations are acceptable to the United States, in view of Mr. Kellogg's desire for an uncomplicated statement denouncing war and leaving details to diplomacy. France is suggesting a conference of jurists to draft a com-

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mon text embodying the main American idea but not contravening any existing treaty.

Any text eventually adopted will, of course, be a compromise. The Secretary of State would hardly have expected Europe to disregard its League Covenant and existing treaties in order to secure a new agreement with the United States. At the same time, his draft is undoubtedly in a form which he had reason to think would stand a chance of ratification by the Senate. And that is an end which neither France nor the other Powers would wish to defeat by insistence on a form of words. If Europe and America get to matching reservations, every one knows what the outcome will be.

From the Evening Standard (London)

After the world bank holiday

How much interested the United States is in security and order in other parts of the world a report by the Department of Commerce shows. It records American subscriptions to foreign loans in the first quarter of this year exceeding the total for any previous corresponding period. The amount ran to $409,000,000, or $62,000,000 more than in the same three months last year. Here is an immense and growing practical incentive added to the idealistic motives animating the American movement to outlaw war.

The same sort of ties that are gradually binding the United States to other nations economically are growing strong between France and Germany—and in this probably rests one of the best assurances of peace in Europe.

Basil Miles, American Commissioner at the Paris headquarters of the International Chamber of Commerce, argues that industrial and trade accords between the traditional rivals are developing rapidly because of their new consciousness of mutual self-interest in real stability in Europe. In a report to the American section of the International Chamber he says:

"Too often political considerations have dominated European business policies. . . . But Germany and France have natural economic associations—they are associated by the fact that each produces in large degree what the other desires to consume in corresponding proportion, the wines, silks, and other luxury articles of France against the varied industrial production of Germany. Critics are beginning to regard this growing development as marking another milestone in the economic isolation of Great Britain from the Continent of Europe, Great Britain turning more and more to the consolidation of the far-flung British Empire as an economic unit as the other countries turn more and more to their immediate neighbors."

With a working agreement between the two Great Powers of northwestern Europe, the peace of the Continent would seem to be reasonably assured unless the rumored plans of Mussolini for an extension of Italian influence in southeastern Europe through treaties with Albania, Greece, Hungary, Rumania, and Turkey should create fresh trouble in the Balkans.

"British intrigue," the friends of the Soviet Government of Russia are saying of Secretary Kellogg's reassertion of the refusal of the United States to deal with the Communists officially. The American attitude, it appears, is part of a British scheme to "encircle Russia" with foes. This despite the fact that President Wilson established a policy of non-recognition and Secretary Hughes maintained it consistently when Great Britain extended recognition and set up diplomatic relations—both of which she later repudiated.

To say that non-recognition blocks trade between the two countries is meaningless. Soviet commercial agencies operate extensively in the United States; and American exports to Russia for the past three years have been greater in value than those of either Great Britain or Germany, that have experimented with recognition and treaties. The Soviet Government buys what it needs most for its industries where it can get best satisfaction, regardless of any political aim except a stronger position for itself in Russia. And everything else aside, there are good grounds of plain expediency for the American refusal of diplomatic relations. Why invite into your house, under special privileges, people who you know are unfriendly and bent on making trouble?

Over three and a half million dollars have gone to keep the United States marines in Nicaragua for the past year—a million and a half more than it would have cost to keep them at home. So Secretary Wilbur, of the Navy Department, has responded to a Senate inquiry. Opponents of the Administration are asking to what good end the extra amount has been spent.

Fighting with the Sandino rebel bands in the northern part of the country is still going on. And the most deplorable part of the business is not the money spent, but the lives lost on both sides. Yet, as Senator Borah has recently put it, in a debate on the Nicaraguan policy since the end of the civil war:

"We had men who put their faith in us to lay down their arms because they were assured that an honest election would be held under the Stimson agreement. We cannot go away and leave these people, who trusted us, to the mercies of their enemies. . . . Sandino agreed with the other Liberal leaders to lay down his arms and cease fighting, on this country's promise of a fair election. He broke that promise."

There seems to be nothing to do but charge the money to campaign expenditures in Nicaragua, where the cost of free elections is high.

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Planned Aviation

BRAVERY, audacity, even recklessness, can always command admiration and applause. Qualities which have made men pioneers will always be needed and are rightly prized. It is these traits of character for which Baron von Huenefeld, Captain Koehl, and Commandant Fitzmaurice have been praised and will be honored. For these same qualities those who attempted the westward passage of the North Atlantic without stop and failed where the Germans and the Irishman succeeded will be remembered as sacrifices in the early history of man's conquest of the air.

Is it not time, however, for men devoted to the art of aviation to mix with their daring a larger proportion of intelligence and reason? It is not as it was when men first sailed southward into the unknown, defying what for all they knew was, as tradition had it, a fiery belt encircling the earth. Man has at his disposal knowledge and resources which it were foolhardy for him to ignore. To wing one's way into unforeseen tempests, fog, sleet, and other perils without procurable defenses against them or procurable measures for survival, to stake one's life in a gamble against unnecessary odds, is sport but not science. It is true that those who made the westward flight from Ireland to Greenly Island have acquired knowledge that science undoubtedly can use. They have learned, as Commandant Fitzmaurice acknowledges, that an efficient wireless set would have been more useful to them than the equal weight of fuel which they took in its stead. They have learned that a small gyro compass, if once perfected, would eliminate one of their chief difficulties. They have observed the effects of certain meteorological conditions, and particularly the compass variations that are due to magnetic causes. They have provided evidence in favor of covering a plane with paraffin oil to prevent the formation of ice on the wings. They have data bearing on the value of the use of smoke bombs for determining drift. Undoubtedly, those who lost their lives on the westward passage had similar facts which went with their lives.

Is there not a better way? Did not the first transatlantic air passage—that successfully accomplished by the NC–4—show the way? In that case naval vessels were used for guidance and for rescue. Not only was life saved, but also experience. Should not the westward passage over the Atlantic be undertaken in the same way? Should not individual daring give place to organization? Is it idle to suggest that some such vessel as the Saratoga, the great aircraft carrier, should be sent over the North Atlantic to discharge its aircraft for continuous study of air conditions?

It is this sort of study which makes of lasting value the daring enterprise of Captain Wilkins in his flight across North Polar regions. It is this sort of study that gives promise to the plans of Commander Byrd for his aeronautical exploration of the Antarctic.

About the middle of the last century Matthew Fontaine Maury, disabled for active naval service by an accident, devoted years to the collection of data concerning winds and currents. He distributed to sea captains log-books which they filled out and returned to him. His study of this information was of incalculable value to navigation. Is it not time that the energy and the courage, so largely wasted in futile flights, should be likewise intelligently devoted to the new science of avigation?

Where Acres Can Vote

THE Hearst papers carry each day on their editorial pages a list of six policies to be pushed in season and out.

One plank in this platform calls for "an agreement of English-speaking peoples to preserve peace among themselves and to promote the peace of the world." The Hearst papers, for many years holders of the diamond-studded belt emblematic of their undisputed championship in the art of twisting the lion's tail, supply a curious background for the advocacy of this particular policy.

Another ingredient in this *olla podrida* of ill-assorted issues is a demand for "proportional representation in the United States Senate—no State to have less than two Senators." A little simple arithmetic discloses the mathematical absurdity of this proposal. Arizona at the present time has two Senators and one Representative. New York has two Senators and 43 Representatives. If, on the Hearst basis, New York were to have representation proportional to Arizona's, it would have to elect at least 86 Senators. The Hearst Senate would therefore have approximately twice as many members as the present House of Representatives—about as many members as a National Republican Convention. The new Senate would contain four Walshes to bedevil the Republican Party, twenty Heflins hefling through the burdened atmosphere, and eighty-six Copelands available for conducting health columns in the journals of the country. The thought is more than the imagination can bear.

And yet the mathematical absurdity of the Hearst proposal is the least of its shortcomings. To adopt the Hearst plan would be to destroy the United States as a federated Republic. It would turn the control of the country over to the industrialized East and would banish from places of influence many of those old American ideas which have grown strong in a land where there is room to breathe. It was well for the Republic that circumstances conspired with the founders of the Constitution to provide that acres should have the right to vote in the Senate. The United States would cease to be the United States with the advent of the Hearst proportional Senate.

In order to put the Hearst plan into effect its advocates would have to get rid of that Constitutional provision that insists that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." That is one provision in the Constitution that cannot be amended except by the unanimous vote of the States. Do we see Arizona giving New York eighty-six votes to its own two in the Senate? We do not. Nor, we surmise, does Mr. Hearst or any of his editors.

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Harmony for Houston

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

HARMONY for Houston has been arranged—and how?

Why, so adroitly that every faction within the Democratic Party believes that it alone is responsible for the good work and thrills with a sensation, new and yet strangely old, of accommodation and unity.

When, where, and by whom the program will be announced is, as yet, on the lap of the godlings. But the program has been made. Knowledge of it has blown about Washington for days. There has been no official announcement. Perhaps there never will be such. But there is to be harmony, full and complete—up to the point where the balloting begins. It may persist beyond that point, but if it perishes there something still will have been accomplished.

The deadlock in Madison Square Garden, with its deadly 103 ballots, was too bad. But it might have stopped short of engendering mortal enmities had the horrors of the platform fight not preceded it. There is to be nothing of that kind again. A cat might commit suicide the eighth time—but not the ninth. If there must be a finish fight between Smith and the battalion of death that opposes him—why, there must be. But there will be no preliminary bouts—not unless something slips.

Claude Bowers is to be made Temporary Chairman, enthusiastically, by everybody. He is a New York editor. But his dry sympathies are known, and he is charged—or credited—with just enough of an anti-Tammany leaning. He is enamored of the old glories of the party, its perennial principles. He can keynote safely.

Some one of half a dozen Southern men almost equally unantagonistic—probably Senator Robinson, of Arkansas—will succeed as Permanent Chairman and rule on every point in accordance with old and sound traditions.

An agreed platform will be reported and adopted. That sounds a large contract. It would have been impossible of carrying out at any preceding Democratic Convention in thirty-two years. But Bryan is dead. And there was never any other who could talk the Democratic Party out of a fixed purpose.

The platform will say nothing of the principle of prohibition. It will declare in ringing terms for vigorous enforcement of the prohibition laws. In the roar and hum of the great hall delegates may think for a moment that they hear, coming mysteriously from somewhere, the impassioned protest of him who was the Boy Orator of the Platte. But the plank will hold.

The rules of the previous Convention will be adopted, without important exception. That most distinctive and most important of all Democratic rules—the one requiring that two-thirds of the delegates concur in a nomination—will probably not be mentioned at all. Within two years both great factions of the party wanted to be rid of it and denounced it vigorously. Now there is no responsible leader in either faction who would raise a voice against it. The Smith forces know, at least, that a majority nomination would not be worth the effort. And the anti-Smith coalition knows that to defeat him by anything less than a two-thirds vote would be to defeat themselves. The imperious voice of Andrew Jackson, too, still threads through the hum of Democratic convention halls.

So the Democratic National Convention of 1928 will arrive triumphantly at the point of nominating a candidate for President. And then—

A group of politicians and those who make politicians were discussing that point the other day. They agreed that the plan is a beautiful combination of compromises. But there is always one dissenter. He spoke from the far end of the table. "That," he said, "is not compromise; it is conquest."

And so, in a sense, it is. Governor Smith has swept practically everything before him. Even in the antagonistic South delegations favorable to him have been selected. The West has seemed to be almost his own.

Until within the past few days the Smith campaign has had able Republican aid. Rather suddenly, the Republican Smith boomers became frightened. The frantic storm of Southern protest against Smith had failed to blow. The West had given no signs of rising in revolt against the wet, Tammany Governor. Here is a strange lethargy which the Republican Smithites have not been able to fathom, which has puzzled the Democratic anti-Smithites, and even the Democratic Smithites.

Henceforth the Smith candidacy will go under its own power. At least, Republicans will no longer act as a kicker for it.

Is Smith, then, already as good as nominated? No. The opposition to him has not weakened in the least. And not even his own most zealous supporters believe that all of his apparent strength is real. Everybody knows that in certain States the active Smith twenty per cent has prevailed over the lethargic anti-Smith eighty per cent.

The prejudice against Smith, if that is the name for it, has not been eradicated. At least, no informed person here believes that it has. It is, for the time being, dormant. But nobody doubts that it will be awakened. The Republicans, if nobody else, will see to that after the Conventions—if Smith is nominated.

Seasoned politicians, many of them kindly disposed to Smith, are saying that if Smith is elected President it will be not merely with a Republican Congress but with a greatly reduced Democratic minority; that if he is nominated and defeated the Democratic minority will be reduced to a remnant. That may not be at all true. But the thought of it makes a certain number of Democratic office-holders uneasy as to their own safety and adds an unannounced element to anti-Smith coalition. A considerable number of Democratic Congressmen, particularly from the South and Middle West, would campaign for Smith as the nominee with the conviction that they were making certain their own defeat even though they helped him to election. What will they contribute to the harmony program at Houston after the point of balloting has been reached?

That group previously referred to as discussing the situation agreed that the harmony program is fine. The man at the far end of the table—incidentally, he was a New York Democrat—spoke again. "Who was it," he asked, "that said something about making a desert and calling it peace?"

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Penitential Music

By EUGENE BONNER

WHILE Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's instructions to those intending to be present at Carnegie Hall on the occasion of the performance last Maunday Thursday of "The Saint Matthew Passion," by Johann Sebastian Bach, were undoubtedly prompted by an entirely proper feeling of respect and reverence, one couldn't help feeling (somewhat on the principle of good wine needing no bush) that if that colossal masterpiece were performed in the proper spirit, a suitable atmosphere would be created no matter how vivid the colors worn by the audience might be. On the other hand, if the proper reverence were wanting in the ranks of the performers themselves, the feeling of devotion and reverence would be lacking though we might sit in robes of sable hue, cocooned in yards of crape, for the entire evening.

We refer to the request, published in all the advance notices of this performance, that members of the audience would please come dressed in dark clothes and, once arrived, would kindly refrain from applauding.

The first request was more or less acceded to, though one great lady arrived in her box wearing a bright-red dress, an amber-colored evening cloak, and something twinkly round her head, for which we personally tendered her a vote of thanks which was none the less sincere for being unexpressed.

As for applause, there was none, with the result that many of us emerged feeling much as a well-charged siphon must feel if it has any definite sensation. After all, notwithstanding the sacred subject, it was a performance in a concert-hall, not in a church, and, while it was eminently suitable not to break into the mood of the work with applause during the performance, it did seem something of a let-down to have to mope out in silence after that glorious music. Besides, all that bottled-up emotion must be hard on our insides.

For the last three years Mr. Gabrilowitsch has been giving "The Saint Matthew Passion" in Detroit, until it has now become a regular Holy Week offering, much as the Metropolitan's Good Friday performances of "Parsifal" in this city. His own orchestra, the Detroit Symphony Society, with three choral organizations from that city, were transported to New York for two performances only (Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon), an undertaking which we are glad to note has been fully appreciated not only by the musical press but by the public. The boy choristers of St. Thomas's Church here also assisted nobly in the proceedings.

To bring this great work within the time limit necessary for an evening performance many beautiful passages had perforce to be omitted. In making such omissions it's, of course, quite impossible to please everybody, but, in our opinion, the cuts made by Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed both good taste and sound judgment. Of course the ideal performance of such a masterpiece would be to have it given in such a place as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and given in its entirety, with just such an organization as this, but, unfortunately, such a presentation would be well-nigh impossible to arrange.

The performance itself, as might have been expected from such a fine musician as Mr. Gabrilowitsch, was of a very high order. Conducting entirely without score, and playing himself the special piano, constructed in imitation of the clavicembalo of Bach's time, he kept than fine balance between soloists, choruses, and orchestra so essential to a harmonious presentation.

One of the choral groups was placed at the rear of the hall in the balcony to sing the unaccompanied chorales sung (or supposed to have been sung) in Bach's time by the congregation. This experiment was highly successful, a very beautiful effect being achieved by the innovation.

Margaret Matzenauer, in spite of several lapses from the pitch, a rather unusual thing for her, sang the contralto part with the breadth and dignity one has grown to expect from this artist in all her work. A glorious voice, and how very well she sings in the English language! Richard Crooks was perhaps somewhat too dramatic at times, but the lovely quality of his voice and his expert handling of this extremely difficult music made him an unusually fine "narrator."

Jeannette Vreeland (soprano), Reinald Werrenrath (baritone), and Fred Patton (bass) were more than equal to the demands made upon them, while Chandler Goldthwaite played the organ part, harmonized by Mr. Gabrilowitsch himself from the original figured bass.

The chorus sang superbly, with fine attack, precision, and excellent tone quality, and a large portion of praise is due the auxiliary choir in the balcony for its very beautiful singing and faithful adherence to pitch in those unaccompanied chorales.

The New York musical public owes Mr. Gabrilowitsch a profound debt of gratitude for having had the courage and energy to transport this huge organization, bag and baggage, from Detroit for two performances only, and we sincerely hope that the financial response was such that he will feel justified in repeating his experiment next year.

With a yearly representation of "The Saint Matthew Passion" and the annual performance of "The Saint John Passion" by the Friends of Music, to say nothing of the other works of the master given by that organization, Bach will soon lose his terrors for the great public and come to be recognized for what he is—as dramatic as Wagner, as simple as Mozart, and fully as "modern" as the best of the *avant-garde* of the musical composers of the present day.

While Bach, according to some sources, is credited with five "Passions," only two have survived in their entirety and portions of the music of a third. The first of these, "The Saint John Passion," was originally produced on Good Friday, 1723. Six years later came the great "Saint Matthew Passion," to be followed two years later (1731) by "The Saint Mark Passion."

This last was inferior to the other two; so much so that it no longer exists as a complete work, such parts of it as are now extant having been incorporated by the composer himself in the "Trauer Ode," given a few weeks ago by the Friends of Music under the leadership of Artur Bodanzky.

These "Passions" were performed on Good Fridays at vespers, sometimes in St. Thomas's, sometimes at St. Nicholas's Church, both in Leipzig.

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The Father—Sublimation—The Country

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Father

THERE is a father in this country who has always believed in fair play. He has given his two sons an even chance in life, and both men have grown up to justify his hope and devotion. One would think that this was enough.

But this man, sitting back to watch and enjoy the progress of his two sons, observed a strange thing. Life was not following out his own ideas. Life was not playing fair with them. To one son success came easily—friends, honors, advancements were his without asking; these things seemed to belong to him by rightful heritage, a heritage the father knew nothing about.

To the other son life was an obstacle race—what he gained he gained at hard cost. Success with him was measured by painful inches—at times by the mere fact of not losing ground.

These two brothers lived in the same city. The first brother rose to prominence as an attorney. He became President of the Bar Association in his city, and by the time the father had reached the age of eighty years the successful son was about to achieve one more honor in his distinguished career. He was to be appointed by the President to the bench of one of the higher courts. It was also by this time that the other son, through hard work, patience, and perseverance, had become a clerk of the same court.

Now there is a ruling that demands the resignation of those clerks whose relatives are called to the bench. This new honor for one son meant disaster for the other. The old man had let life do as it pleased. He had handed over his sons years before, and, for himself, was about done with living. But he could not allow this. He became suddenly the father again, the arbitrator. His eighty years fell away from him. It was his to decide what was right and what was fair.

The newspaper account that tells this story boasts that it is news—that this is the first time in the annals of the Government when a father has interceded to prevent the promotion of his son. For in his audience with the President the father made his explanation and defense. "The honor will mean little to one of them," he insisted, "while the loss of his position is the loss of everything to the other." Then the old man had his final twinge. He looked helplessly into the eyes of the President. "It is a hard thing," he said, "for a father to do."

Sublimation

A LITTLE cat in New England has solved the tragedy of existence with no help from Freud, physicians, or spiritual advisers.

This creature was born with a consuming passion—the passion to tend, and nourish, and discipline, which is motherhood. With no one to inform her what was ahead of her, and no one to assist her when her time of distress arrived, she relied serenely upon her wealth of instinct. The sharpness of a new and bewildering experience was scarcely over when the little pussy was purring as loudly as an alarm clock.

With all her instinct, the little cat had little or no general knowledge. Statistics meant nothing to her. The fact that her kittens were just so many more unwanted kittens never even occurred to her. But suddenly there were no kittens. This could not be reasoned out, or explained. This was tragedy—the end of the world. The little cat had only one need: life had left her, and she must somehow find it. Down strange roads and in unknown pastures, through unexplored woods and rocky country, she went calling for her kittens. She was not interested in food or drink—she was consumed by this other need. There was no warm or hidden spot, or natural nesting-place of any kind that missed her eye. And at last she found them.

It was a strange tree stump, with its little hollowed-out room—how had they ever wandered so far? Only two of them were left after what must have been a long and dangerous journey, and these two had changed incredibly. Their ears, through fright, no doubt, had grown to an enormous length. And each little tail, that had been like a delicate spear, had been worn off by the bushes and branches to a little ball of white fur. But there was no mistaking her children. They turned to her ravenously, and she did not disappoint them.

In the hollow of the tree stump the little family flourishes and has already reached the stage of school and discipline. For when one of these small bunnies wanders too far from home the little cat-mother brings it back firmly by the nape of the neck, in spite of those long and troublesome ears.

The Country

ON a country road the other day visitors from New York were taking snap-shots. The objects to be snapped were patient and indifferent—an apple tree that had moved with the march of a hundred seasons, but never from that spot of earth; walls running silently always in the same grooves; a fence that still followed its serpentine course as it fell, fast returning to the earth again.

Down the road sounded the slow hoofs of a horse, the squeak and turn of a wagon wheel. The solitary occupant of the two-seater was an old man with a beard curling around to the back of his neck. He held the reins loosely in his gnarled brown hands. He could see that something unusual was going on along the familiar stretch of road. "Whoa!" he said, softly, and then, in guarded undertones to the strangers, "I won't disturb ye none." He sat as still as one of the old stones in the pasture, and the horse, as old and shaggy as his master, might have been carved on the instant out of granite.

The city visitors gazed at the old man. "You can drive by, if you like," said one. The old man immediately lifted the reins, but opposite the camera he stopped. "I lived down the road a piece in that house yonder for nineteen years once," he offered, "but I couldn't stand it. Had to move where there wasn't so much to do. Blood-pressure. I've been living up the country a ways quite a spell." He looked at them reminiscently. "I used to live in New York. I can't abide New York. Noise and dirt—enough to drive you crazy. So I give up a good job there. Yessir, I had a good job, but I give it up and moved to the country."

One of the city visitors moved closer to the two-seater. The old man looked like Santa Claus. Even his eyes wore a fabled expression. "What was your job?" she asked, curiously.

"It was a good job," he said. "Waitin' for me yet. They said I could alwus have it back again. Sixth Avenue car line. Yessir, I worked years with the Sixth Avenue car line. Shoein' horses." He lifted the reins in his hands. "I ain't seen that town," he said, "since '88, but I can't abide New York."

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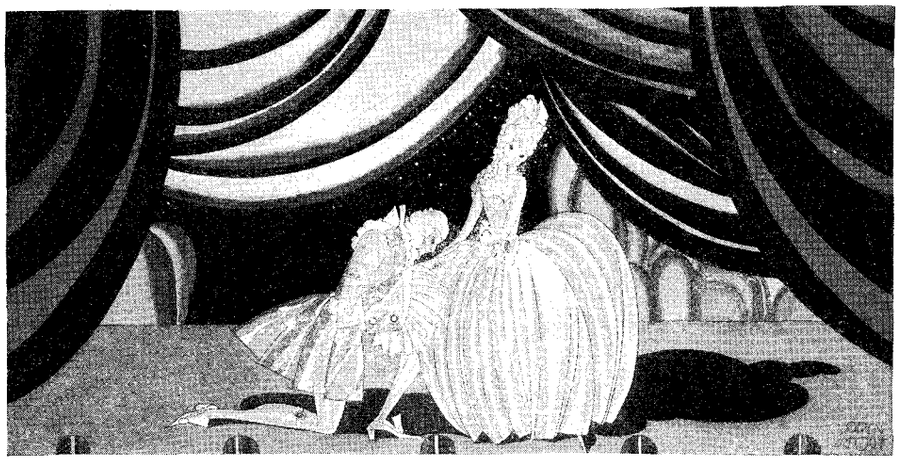
Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand"



IF Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis ever get around to taking their new production, the much-talked-of "Twelve Thousand," by Bruno Frank, to Chicago, they will present Mayor Thompson, and all those engaged in rewriting history and glorifying racial strains, with a very pretty problem.

For Mr. Frank places his play during the American Revolution, but chooses for its setting a summer pavilion in the gardens of a German ducal palace. In this pavilion takes place the infamous bargain whereby twelve thousand Hessians—at least we suppose they were Hessians—are sold like cattle to the British crown for use by King George III and Lord North for the prosecution of their war against the rebels of America. Most intimately concerned with this transaction, according to Mr. Frank's tale, at least, are a certain Prince, his mistress, and their secretary, Piderit, peasant by birth and aristocrat by profession. The plot is simple, for the lady is not only expensive in her tastes, and wishes such costly things as necklaces and pretty clothes, but even has set her heart on acquiring a hairdresser from Berlin, recently arrived from Paris, and possessing to an extraordinary degree the art of making up fine ladies' hair. This item alone will come to thirty thousand thalers—an expenditure which, in view of an approaching ball, seems to the lady extremely necessary, but which gives the onlooker a very fair idea of how expensive the lady is to her Prince.

Now the most salable things which the Prince possesses are his subjects, twelve thousand of whom he can sell, sufficiently equipped, to the agent of the British Parliament. The peasant soldiers will be drawn by lot, the money will be paid by the British upon delivery, and all the whims and fancies of the lady can be easily gratified.

All these things are already afoot when the play opens. And all would be very well except for the fact that the secretary happens to have two brothers, still peasants, who are included in the draft to be sold for the American war. To sell his brothers to military slavery and death is a little too thick even for the pseudo-aristocrat secretary. And so, since he possesses the courtesan's ring, in order to send her secret message to Berlin for the hairdresser, he uses its seal to send a message to Frederick of Prussia, disclosing the infamous bargain which is taking place, and thus, invoking that powerful sovereign's interference, tries to save his own brothers from disaster.

The play that results is polite and romantic, contains much good dialogue, and many interesting, even dramatic, moments. For upon the arrival of the Prussian envoy, the secretary's treachery to his Prince is discovered, and he seems likely to meet the fate meted out to traitors in that beatiful principality—broken on the wheel and then beheaded. The fact that he escapes this fate is due, of course—but it is better to see the play to find that out!

Suffice to say that it is a good romantic yarn, and if made into a movie, with Emil Jannings in the leading part, might be exceedingly effective. The fact that as played by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis it is only fair is perhaps no criticism of the playwright. Miss Ellis comes closer to realizing her rôle than does Mr. Sydney, but neither of them is ideally cast. In their hands the play is one of those eighteenth-century paintings come to life—fair to look at, mildly entertaining, but never stirring to the blood.

The point, however, that will raise a difficulty for Mayor Thompson, and all people who hold his point of view, is the fact that throughout the play the envoy of the British Parliament appears to be a most honest gentleman, who despises the German Prince for selling his subjects, who is more concerned over the comfort and fate of the Hessians than their sovereign is, and who, in the end, is willing to throw up the entire bargain rather than accede to the infamous additions to the contract which the Prince wishes to insert, in order to prevent any serious trouble resulting from wounded or crippled men who may return from America to his pleasant principality. In fact, morally, the heroes of the play appear to be the British envoy and the British Parliament; while the villainy is equally distributed over the Germans of various station, with the exception of the unfortunate peasants, who are dragooned into fighting in a foreign country for a cause of which they know nothing.

Mr. Frank, we presume, is making no attempt in his play merely to present correct definite facts of history; yet the underlying drama is based on truth, and not only interests the spectator, but brings vividly to life again days long past. Constructed a little better, and played with greater emotional strength, we can see that it might be made into a magnificent play. But as it is, the Garrick players can't quite do justice to it, and the play itself contains several serious faults—notably, a complete lack of any emotional tie between any of the characters, with the exception of the secretary and his two brothers. Even in this instance the thing is not sufficiently established to appeal to the audience—although, of course, this may be due to the translation, which makes the peasant brothers speak precisely the sort of wooden dialogue which Ibsen's minor characters get off in our English versions. So that somehow even they do not completely enlist the audience's sympathies.

The result is a fairly interesting play, with moments of romance, humor, and some dramatic power. But we would just as soon read it as see it.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Love"

THE current week having been one of numerous "hold-overs," this space may legitimately be given over to discussion of a picture which has not before been noticed here, although it has been on view for several months. The picture is "Love," and in it John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are co-starred with the most satisfying results.

The story of "Love" is an adaptation of "Anna Karenina," and not only did it impress us as a wise and faithful transcription of that towering work, it even succeeded in lending point and dignity to its own title. If you remember the grim idyll of Anna and Vronsky, you will perhaps be of a mind to admit that "Love" is far from being a bad title for it. After all, Vronsky's threatened ejection from his regiment and Anna's affair with an onrushing locomotive were directly traceable to the biological urge, and nothing else.

Edmund Goulding directed "Love," and did it with taste and discernment. Admitting that we, personally, know nothing of the visual aspects of Russian life except what we've learned from the screen, we still contend that the picture has an atmosphere which fits its Slavic story to perfection, and that is, to say the least, something.

An admirably unsympathetic performance by Brandon Hurst as Karenin and the uncanny acting of little Philippe de Lacy are other matters which must be given consideration as preliminaries to the main event; as distant bugles faintly sounding the coming of the queen; as dancing maidens strewing blooms before the fairest of all creation—and that'll be *quite* enough of that, and we ask your pardon. We get that way about Greta Garbo—we can't help it.

In "Love" the Sorceress of the Silver Screen is given the best breaks she has had since coming to Hollywood. Until you've seen Greta Garbo do Anna Karenina you've seen nothing. Bring on your Duses, say we, your Lina Cavalieris, Maxine Elliotts, Marilyn Millers, Janet Gaynors, and Mary Astors—none of them has equaled her for sheer physical allure and few of them have been half as accomplished artists. The *élan,* the quiet dignity of her performance in "Love" are matchless. Either Mr. Goulding ought to direct Miss Garbo

henceforward or else his successor should be chosen from among those who've had the opportunity of seeing how it was done.

We had almost forgotten about John Gilbert, but, as we remember it, he was fine. What with the fact that he wears snappy uniforms and flashes his eyes and teeth as arrestingly as usual, the charming ranks of his admirers will no doubt be substantially added to as a result of his showing in "Love." But for us the final dictum must be: If you are interested in seeing the most beautiful woman in the world doing a fine piece of acting in a really interesting film, Greta Garbo in "Love" is your recommended destination.

Emil Jannings in "Tartuffe the Hypocrite"

THIS German picture, directed by F. W. Murnau (maker of "Sunrise" and "The Last Laugh"), is having a revival just now, and we review it for the reasons given elsewhere on this page.

Just when it was made we do not know; but a lot of present-day productions could be safely patterned after it in more respects than one. Dr. Murnau has so many virtues as a director, and Jannings as an actor, that it would be no easy task to point to any one outstanding capability in either. Our own view is that Murnau is the greatest living expert on scene-lighting and that Jannings does frightfully unpleasant characters better than he does anything else. "Tartuffe the Hypocrite" is so beautifully lighted that old Lux himself seems actually to be a member of the cast; and if there be any spectator who feels that some other actor than Jannings could have made Tartuffe more chillingly horrible, he should become a casting director.

A very handsome and capable young lady named Lil Dagover appears in this absorbing little film study and plays the part of Mme. Elmire, who accomplishes by her intuition (and highly pleasing physique) the ultimate downfall of Tartuffe. She is convinced that her husband's blind adherence to the monkish impostor can be upset only by a demonstration of Tartuffe's real character. She achieves this by kidding Tartuffe into the notion that she is in love with his saintly nature, and finally overcomes his cunning reluctance sufficiently to get him into her personal bedchamber. Here he gives himself completely away, and the husband is summoned by an old retainer to view the proceedings through the keyhole.

He sees his attractive wife in (more or less) deshabille, and he sees Tartuffe putting on a most horrifying exhibition of nuzzling and guzzling; and, if you get the opportunity to take in this fragmentary masterpiece, we advise you to see it, too.

Adolphe Menjou in "A Night of Mystery"

THERE are some things one would much rather leave unsaid but which, for purposes of the record, *must* be said: for instance—Adolphe Menjou is beginning to look very old. He should do something to overcome the fallen-away look which has appeared in his once masklike face, or he won't be able to create the same illusion of inscrutable sophistication which has marked his every past performance.

This would be a pity; in fact, it *is* a pity, for Mr. Menjou's latest picture is far less acceptable than it would have been a year ago. It is a better-than-average film, although its ending is pretty unconvincing and its components nearly all stereotyped: the gallant officer, the lovely girl whose weak brother is unjustly accused of murder; the judge's wife who exacts silence to conceal her own indiscretions with the officer—*you* know how they go.

A striking girl named Nora Lane (to us previously unknown) has the rather small part of the heroine; our guess is that she will be heard from.

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The Legend of Catechee

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

THERE were no neighbors near the old Lewis farm, and the children grew up in a little world of their own—a lovely world in the Blue Ridge hills of South Carolina overlooking the Seneca River, rich with Indian lore and Indian relics. Little Mary and her brothers and sisters hunted arrowheads, dug for Indian graves, built forts, made tepees of cornstalks, and dyed their faces with pokeberry juice, playing over and over the dramas of bygone warriors and their squaws.

A quarrel always arose over the rôle of Catechee, their favorite heroine, who had saved the settlers from her own people, naming all the neighborhood streams on her historic ride. Whenever Mary was the lucky child to accompany Mother on her infrequent trips to the next village, she always paused over the muddy stream known as Eighteen-Mile Creek, asking with a delighted shiver: "That's where Catechee rode right through the water, isn't it?" And once more Mother would have to tell the old legend as she had heard it in her childhood.

The Legend of Catechee

As remembered by Mary Lewis, an Outlook reader

IT was long, long ago, in the early seventeen hundreds, when South Carolina was still a battleground between Indians and white settlers, that the people of Fort Star found a little redskin girl in the woods, lying still and apparently dead. But she was only weak and very ill, so, although this was a daughter of the enemy, the kind-hearted women nursed her back to health, and named her Catechee.

At first the settlers' children were afraid of the dark-eyed child with her

straight black hair and reddish-brown skin that reminded them of the cruel savages who had killed so many of their fathers and brothers, but little Catechee was so shy and so sweet-natured, and so skillful at running and riding and arrow-shooting, outdistancing even the boys, that they soon grew to love her as one of themselves.

Every one thought the little girl had forgotten her own people, yet as she grew older her playmates often caught a strange sadness in her big dark eyes, and one day, during an Indian raid, she disappeared.

The children were broken-hearted. "Ungrateful Catechee," said their elders, "after all we have done for her! It is the call of the wild—she has gone back to her own people."

But the children could not believe evil of their playmate; for a long time they missed her sadly, with her quick ways and her sweet nature, but all too soon playtime passed into the life of grown-up burdens, and little Catechee became only a memory.

As time went on, the Indians seemed to grow less hostile; for three years there had been no attack, and the settlers began to build log cabins and cultivate land farther and farther away from the fort, growing more careless about guarding their settlement.

Meantime, many miles away, deep in an Indian mountain village, where her people had taken her, Catechee had grown into a beautiful maiden, so lovely that one of the boldest and fiercest of the young warriors began to woo her to become his bride. But, though he was strong and handsome, Catechee could not return his love, for he hated the white settlers and often boasted how some day, when the Chief's plans were complete, Fort Star would be surprised and everybody killed—men, women, and children.

Catechee remembered her kind foster-parents and her little playmates, and, though she knew that her penalty from her own people would be death, she determined to save her old friends. Cleverly she questioned her lover about the route to the Fort, which, of course, she had long since forgotten, and every evening she crept to the tent of the warriors and listened to their powwow. One night, when spring floods had run their course and the boiling streams returned to their banks, the Chief announced that the time was ripe for the attack, and bade all to be in readiness at daybreak. With a whoop that curdled Catechee's blood, the warriors answered and began building a great fire for their war-dance.

So, while her people leaped and screamed by the red glow of the fire, Catechee mounted the swiftest and strongest of the ponies and slipped away, bareback, into the dark forest. Somewhere to the south, all unaware of their danger, slept her paleface friends. She must find them, though all she knew of the way were the bits of knowledge picked up from her warrior lover.

Silently and lightly Catechee and her pony winged their way through the black and pathless woods until they were halted by a broad, rushing stream, but

(*Please turn to continuation, page 40*)

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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By W. R. BROOKS

WE have in our time made a lot of fun of people who said, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." But after observing a number of people who know a lot about art and don't like anything, we think we prefer the former group. When a member of it begins to learn about art, you may be pretty sure that his last state is going to be worse than his first. For the average person who isn't willing to trust—with, of course, certain reservations—to his own preferences, too much knowledge about art is likely to bring an uncertainty which will spoil most of his pleasure in beauty. The more he knows, the less he will be sure what is good. He will be afraid of expressing an opinion, even to himself. He will become critical instead of appreciative—for him there will be no giants any more—and that state of mind, in viewing any field, marks the death of real pleasure.

There is, of course, a satisfaction in demolishing, in picking flaws. It gives a grand kick to your ego to find out where Rembrandt missed a finesse that would have given him two more tricks. But you'd get more pleasure out of the work if you never realized that he'd made a mistake.

This department, you see, is only justifying its lack of knowledge in matters artistic. The view expressed above is therefore neither entirely disinterested nor—as you will have gathered—entirely sincere. Yet there is a certain amount of truth in it. We believe you would rather have us tell you about the things we like than to give you an expert criticism of something that perhaps isn't very good. We shall therefore be appreciative rather than critical. If we like a thing, we shall tell you about it, whether we are sure we understand it or not.

And another thing. We shall try to describe the kind of pictures that you will want to buy to hang on your own walls, not necessarily the kind you would buy if you were making a collection for your local museum. A slight thing, an unimportant thing, might be very important for you, might appeal to you personally, whereas having no particular artistic value in the larger sense, and no wide appeal, it would be totally unsuitable in a public gallery.

Of course, we don't hold much ourself with public galleries and museums, and educating the public to appreciate art, and so on. For two reasons. One is that almost no work of art looks well in close juxtaposition to another work of art. Your eye can't jump immediately from one fine thing to another fine thing and appreciate either. Even if it could, it doesn't get a chance. The wall of a gallery is a jumble of colors. You can't get the full force of the Hottentot maiden under the banyan tree with a snow-tipped Alp intruding on the outer corner of your left eye and a heap of overripe or jaundiced vegetables intruding on the outer corner of your right eye. Ideas as well as colors and lines and masses clash and confuse you.

The second reason is that in a gallery there's always self-consciousness on the human side. A picture should be looked at in solitude. Get three people in a gallery, and they really forget all about the pictures. They either make wisecracks or else try to impress one another with their knowledge. We're willing to bet that when you go to an art exhibit less than ten per cent of your mind is really occupied with the pictures. It's so with us. We think: "I like that picture. At least, I guess I ought to. I wonder what I can say about it that will sound intelligent enough so that Cousin Mary won't think I'm a fool. I think that woman in the brown hat is listening to us. The man with the ribbon on his glasses is probably an art critic. I wish my feet didn't hurt." And so on.

Well, we went to a gallery yesterday. We were much embarrassed, because there was a tea party under way, and people were standing around with teacups in their hands eating sandwiches and talking art. It fascinated us for a few minutes. They'd take in a little sandwich, and then give out a little art. It was very uplifting. But nobody offered us anything, so we broke through the tea barrage and got off in a room by ourself, far from the clatter of teeth and the clash of cutlery, and there we found some water-oils by Charles S. Chapman which we liked.

This is the way he does 'em. On the surface of a tank of water he floats oil colors. These he stirs up gently until he gets an interesting design. He has developed a technique by which he can keep the line between two colors from blurring, and by which also he can do a good deal of drawing. Then he drops a sheet of paper on the water. This picks up the colors, and he can then go on and develop them with water-colors to any extent he wishes. You remember the marbled covers and end-papers of old-fashioned ledgers? They were made in the same way.

The results that Mr. Chapman has achieved seemed to us extraordinarily suggestive. They don't look at all like paintings, but rather like slabs of highly colored veined and polished marble. There was a genie coming out of a jar, and around him several Arabian Nights figures, against a chaotic and gorgeous background. There was a pale horse with a veiled rider galloping through a wildly romantic landscape lit by a low wan moon. We liked best the undersea pictures—a mermaid and several grotesque fish, and, above, the foaming shoulder of a huge green wave. We preferred the pictures that had had the least retouching. Too much definite detail made these seem rather cluttered, whereas the suggestiveness of the others was unhampered by clearness.

We would like to have one or two of these pictures. Definiteness is a tiring thing to live with, whether it is in opinions or in line, and these, besides being interesting in design and color, are delightfully vague.

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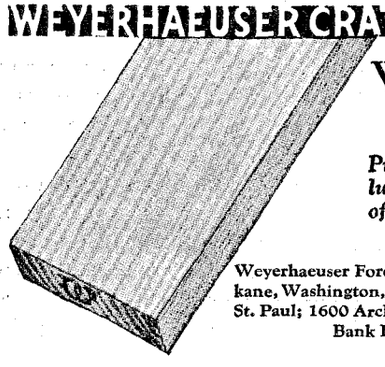

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INVESTMENT RESEARCH BUREAU

The Federal Reserve Myth

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE speculative fraternity has a mythology all its own. It believes that a few prominent bankers can do about anything they choose with the stock market, that all big operators meet daily to discuss just which stocks shall be boosted and how far, and that the country is in danger of a panic whenever William C. Durant sails for Europe.

While these myths have little foundation in fact, probably not much more than most of those interwoven into the Iliad and the Odyssey, they are comparatively harmless. The perennially gullible men and women who swallow them were born to believe things that are not so.

ONE type of ignorance, however, is more serious. This concerns the relations between the authorities of the Federal Reserve System and the Administration, particularly the officers of the Treasury. It is decidedly unfortunate that even speculators should think, as some of them do, that its authorities run the System with an eye to the political welfare of the party in power and to the interest of the Treasury as a borrower of funds. Speculators are a talkative lot, and their misapprehensions are apt to creep into the consciousness of the other members of the community, giving them false ideas of our National banking organization.

The accusation that the Federal Reserve System plays politics is, of course, much the more serious, but it is, happily, also the less common. Although it is heard now and then in the customers' rooms of brokerage offices, it is almost never voiced by any one of importance. They say, "The Reserve System won't let the market break now because it would make it harder for the Republicans to win the election," but they are usually too ignorant of the theory of government to realize the gravity of their charge.

It is unthinkable that men of such high standing as the members of the Federal Reserve Board and the other officials of the System should stoop to the corruption of using the immense power and prestige of the Reserve banks as pawns in the political game.

Even the most cynical would admit, if they could or would give the question any serious thought, that such intrigues could not go on long. After all, the officials of the System are not all members of the same party. If today, for instance, the System were slighting its duty to the country's financial and business welfare to help the Republican Party, the time could not be far away before Democrats within the councils would begin to protest publicly. Radicals then could charge with justice that the Federal Reserve organization was a menace to free government and that it should be abolished. This would be a disaster.

Recent history tells of one conspicuous case when the Reserve authorities injured seriously the re-election chances of the party in office. In 1920, when the Board was composed entirely of a Democratic President's appointees, the system, in the words of André Siegfried, author of "America Comes of Age," by "the restriction of commercial credits, . . . the increase in the rediscount rates, the throwing back on the banks of the instruments of credit used to prop up issues during the war and the boom period," brought on a collapse of business activity and security prices that amounted almost to a panic. This policy was very sound economically, but it was anything but helpful to the chances of candidate James M. Cox and other Democratic seekers of office.

Less serious, but much more widely held, is the false theory that the Reserve authorities manipulate the money market so as to enable the Treasury to borrow as cheaply as possible, that they use their influence to have interest rates low whenever a big Government loan is to be floated. As a war measure, they did just that between 1917 and 1919, but the emergencies of that period called for extraordinary policies. In times of peace, the Reserve authorities are not entitled to give the United States Government any more consideration than other large borrowers—and recent events have shown that they do not.

Financial editors, minor bank officials, and a good many business men who should have known better were certain that Federal Reserve rediscount rates

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would not be raised this spring because the Treasury had to borrow large sums of money before the autumn.

"More than $1,500,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds mature on September 15," they reasoned. "The Treasury must raise funds with which to redeem them. If Federal Reserve rediscount rates go higher, money will be scarcer and it may stay scarce all summer. That would mean that the Treasury would have to pay more for its borrowings than it would have, say, a month or two ago. The Reserve System would not like to inconvenience the Treasury. Rediscount rates will stay where they are. Q. E. D."

These arguments were still being advanced vigorously when the Reserve Board announced that the rediscount rates at the Chicago and Boston banks had been raised.

THE Federal Reserve System, moreover, proved more than its integrity when it began to raise rediscount rates. It showed its power. Thumbing the nose at the Nation's banking authorities will not be as popular a sport during the next three months as it has been in the last three.

Since early this year it has been an open secret that the Reserve authorities thought that the stock market was using a disproportionately large share of the country's funds. Evidence of this was to be found in the constantly mounting total of brokerage loans. Since the curbing of speculation is one of its duties, the System embarked on a policy which would force the market to disgorge.

The first move was to sell more than $200,000,000 worth of Government securities, which had the effect of withdrawing more than ten times that amount of funds from the market. This withdrawal was offset to a great extent by member-bank borrowing and by retirement of currency, which was made possible by reduced commercial and industrial activity. And the market held its ground.

The next step was a general increase in rediscount rates from 3½ to 4 per cent. This shock drove the market lower for a week or so, but it recovered and was soon racing wildly beyond all previous limits. It was then that speculators made derisive gestures at the Federal Reserve authorities.

"They're gunning for the market, and can't get it," speculators told one another as their favorite stocks broke all records.

Then the rediscount rates began to rise and the stock market ever since has been in a chastened mood.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautiful and moving study of the working of God's providence, of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, have a delight in store. We find it even better on second reading. Reviewed January 4.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. That odious society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a case too complicated and incredible for our taste. But Van Dine enthusiasts are devouring it and smacking their lips.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"Debonair," by G. B. Stern. A. A. Knopf. The modern Persephone and the eternal Demeter appear in this too glittering but basically sound story of the younger generation and the older. It is amusing and touching, and the characters wonderfully real. Confirmed readers of current fiction will enjoy it particularly. Reviewed last week.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is made from the diary of four years spent in Africa, on the edge of the greatest remaining paradise of wild animals. The story is always interesting, often exciting. And the pictures, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, are wonderful—lions, elephants, 'nevrything.

"SKYWARD" (see list). It was unlucky for Commander Byrd that his transatlantic flight, no less courageous, no less successful (except for weather), and more difficult than Lindbergh's, should have followed so hard upon those celestial heels. In the excitement over the fair young god, Byrd's achievement never had the popular acclaim that it merited. But he must have been accustomed to such disappointments. Before the war he was retired from the Navy with a bad leg, and when trained men came into demand was given an armchair job in Washington. He suffered there in anything but silence, and at last his importunities got him transferred to a flying-field. There, by the grace of happiness, his leg got well and he became a flier. He spent the period of waiting for active work by perfecting himself for the career that was to be his. He became expert in navigation, and worked to diminish flying risks. His chance for flying came, after many delays, when, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, he and Donald B. MacMillan undertook exploring flights in Greenland. After a season spent at Etah and beyond, Byrd went to Spitzbergen to fly over the North Pole. The most exciting pages in "Skyward" are those which describe that Arctic flight. But most moving and romantic is the chapter which tells of the proposed attempt to fly over and chart the Antarctic continent. "Skyward" deserves to be widely read. It is a heartening book. Like Lindbergh's, it is the story of achievement made possible only by courage, fortitude, the intelligent use of scientific knowledge, and vast common sense. With such equipment, these young men do not fly in the face of Providence.

"ASHENDEN" (see list). When an author who has produced one very fine book and one or two pretty good ones slips a piece of negligible fiction onto the market, the natural thing is to growl "pot-boiler." Perhaps that isn't fair. Like the returned spirits of the great dead who will be prankish at some séances, perhaps the genius which animated "Of Human Bondage" came to W. Somerset Maugham this time in a playful mood. Being a great admirer of that book, we prefer, in reading and enjoying "Ashenden," to forget who wrote it. That enables us to say these stories of the adventures of a British secret agent are entertaining and plausible. They are written by an expert short-story writer with greater powers, especially for characterization, than he chooses here to employ, and one of them is sufficiently moving to be remembered, although it is a good two months since we read the book. Our advice to admirers of Maugham, the sporadic genius, is, No. To others or the indifferent, Yes.

Revolution—Russian and Hindu

By L. J. P.

Lenin and Gandhi," by René Fülöp-Muller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here are depicted lucidly and with insight and fairness the lives and characters of two men who are as remote from our own understanding and sympathies as Genghis Khan or Mohammed, and who would have been as legendary and unreal to us had they lived at a time when their pictures and words and the record of their daily acts could not have been broadcast to the world through the daily press. Remote from us they still are, and always will be, no matter how great the source material for the biographer; but in this book they are at least real.

"In the faces of Lenin and Gandhi," says Mr. Fülöp-Muller, "the physiognomy of the impersonal millionfold mass, which no one had ever looked at before, took on the form and austere features of two great personalities. . . . Both of them . . . in different ways undertook the heroic and at the same time adventurous experiment of putting into practice the long-cherished dreams of humanity, . . . were upheld by the emotion of an ecstatic faith," and their words "have the fascination, and at the same time the disturbing and repellent arrogance, of a gospel. . . . They desire to lead humanity to salvation in different

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ways and they point in opposite directions, each with the same gesture of profound conviction."

An astounding anachronism to the European or American mind, that in this twentieth century there could have arisen two great men of the messiah type with power to sway hundreds of millions—the one already deified by the faithful, and the other certain to be upon his death!

"Of course, in Lenin," says the author, "we are dealing with an entirely new type of greatness." This may be conceded in the sense that the source of the messiah-inspiration was new; for instead of being drawn down from a god as a spiritual force it was drawn up from the masses as a materialistic and anti-religious force. But in other respects we find too many analogies to other men both great and small. His complete selfless identification of his personality with the Cause is the fundamental trait of the messiah type. His violent methods of forcing his reforms are singularly reminiscent of those of Peter the Great. His flair for practical details and his habit, even in moments of crucial strain, of issuing countless orders for the carrying out of minor reforms and public improvements remind us of the detailed orders which Napoleon found time to send streaming back to Paris during his campaigns. His knack of understanding and inspiring confidence in the common man was Rooseveltian.

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927."

MOHAMMEDAN BEGGAR
Etching by W. S. Bagdatopoulos

But it is not so much the man that makes us gasp as the Herculean task of materialistic romanticism he set himself: the revolutionary "jerk" or "leap" by which in a single spasm of violent effort a hoard of a hundred and fifty million illiterate peasants were to be catapulted from the feudal serfdom of the Middle Ages to a state of scientific and mechanized Marxian Socialism conceded to be far in advance of anything even attempted among the more advanced peoples who have been toiling for centuries through the industrial and capitalistic stages! And all by means of the slender lever of the almost negligible fraction of the people who made up the factory workers and the proletariat of the towns.

Inflamed in boyhood by the reading of revolutionary literature, and embittered in early manhood by the execution of his elder brother for revolutionary plotting, Lenin deliberately took up and tirelessly followed from 1893 to 1917, and through prison, Siberian exile, and forced sojourn abroad, the hunted and squalid but emotionally exalted life of the professional Russian revolutionary. Early in this period came to be recognized his genius for organization, for inspiring his co-plotters and co-workers, and for understanding his people; and these traits, combined with his shrewdness, his insistence upon action rather than words, his inflexible courage, and his unshakable faith in ultimate success, ended by making him the man of the hour when in the spring of 1917 the famous "sealed coach" deposited him at the Petersburg Station after the furtive ride through Germany and Finland.

And the result of it all? In the words of Mr. Fülöp-Muller (page 120): "A cross between Asiatic indolence and lethargy and extreme Americanism, between the muzhik and the mass man, now represents the new Russia; the country is now dominated by an apposition of bastard forms, chaotically jumbled together." Without discussing this pithy summary, it seems at least fair to say that if the peasants have not been affected otherwise than in their land tenure, then the whole Bolshevist phantasmagoria may ultimately prove no more than a city-bred squall. Even through the optimistic enthusiasm of the writers whose little studies of Soviet Russia are being issued by the Vanguard Press, it is impossible to escape the impression that the Russian peasant is fundamentally the same Russian peasant as before, except that he now has his land for himself.

When we turn to Gandhi, we are at once in a different world. And we have even more of a struggle with Gandhi

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The Movies

(See page 24)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; well worth your while.
"Beau Sabreur."—Pepless desert drama.
"The Chasers."—Harry Langdon won't get far with this one.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney in a flat picture. Maybe some one stepped on it.
"Chicago."—See what the movies can do when they try.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
"The Crowd."—*King Vidor is a great director.* The story is slim and depressing.
"Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
"Doomsday."—As dismal as it sounds.
"Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
"Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
"Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
"Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
"A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
"The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
"The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
"The Latest from Paris."—*Something pleasantly* innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—After "Wings." A long way after.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
"Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
"The Noose."—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow and Elinor Glyn. Decide as you see fit.
"Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
"The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" *dolled up for the screen with* Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
"The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
"Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
"Skyscraper."—An interesting and entertaining picture.
"The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
"Speedy."—Harold Lloyd in your money's worth.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque stands, but doesn't deliver.
"Street Angel."—Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and some fine scenes. We were hopelessly bored.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
"Sunrise."—The best picture *on any screen* today.
"Tenderloin."—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
"The Trail of '98."—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
"Two Lovers."—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a romantic picture of the sixteenth century.
"We Americans."—Melting-pot drama with good spots.
"Wings."—Still soaring toward a record.

personally than with Lenin. There is much in Lenin that we can understand, much that we can admire, but in Gandhi there is little that Occidentals can understand or admire except in theory.

But Gandhi's appeal is not to us, it is to the millions of wretched and half-starved peasants of India. According to Gandhi, eighty per cent of the overcrowded population of India are compulsorily unemployed for half the year because of Great Britain's exploitation of the country as an exporter of raw cotton and a market for imported cotton goods; the result having been the destruction of the ancient home spinning industry by which the small peasants used to eke out existence. Thus the pressing woe is that there are too many mouths to feed; and the obvious remedy must be either a reduction in the number to be fed or an increase in the amount of work available for the production of wages with which to buy food, or possibly both.

To this problem, then, Gandhi dedicated himself, and generally to the uplifting and freeing of the peoples of India. Unlike Lenin, he did not dream of hurling his country forward through breathless centuries to the condition of a super-modern state. On the contrary, his dream was backward-looking—backward to the ancient home industries and away from the devilish man-enslaving industrialism of the West; backward to the old forms of government and away from the parliamentarianism of the West; backward to the old religions and cultures of India. But for any such message to India he must first be known to the people of India and honored by them. This resulted from the twenty years which he spent in championing the cause of the hundreds of thousands of his countrymen who had been reduced to a condition of practical slavery in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State; so that when he returned after those years of struggle, privation, and imprisonment his fame had gone before him; he was as much the man of the hour in India as was Lenin in Russia in the spring of 1917.

So honored and believed in throughout all India was this quiet, cheerful little man—so great his fame as a saint, ascetic, and deliverer of his oppressed people—that differences of race, religion, and caste were thrown aside in devoutly enthusiastic response to his message; a miracle unheard of in all the caste-ridden history of India.

The message of the Mahatma (Great Soul) was economic, social, and political as well as spiritual, and in the end he became in fact the high priest and political dictator of his country. The spinning-wheel: all foreign textiles to be destroyed and boycotted, and thereafter every one in India, rich and poor, to work at least a little each day at the wheel and the loom, so that all may find work and all be clothed in the native cloth. Brahmacharya: chastity even among the married, so that children may not continue to be born into a life of starvation and misery; for which manner of life Gandhi's own colony at Ashram sets the example. Ahimsa: love for all created things; the active practice of love and understanding which becomes a concentrated spiritual force stronger than violence in its mysterious power. Satyagraha: non-violence, which is not the passive resistance of the weak, but is rather the active force of love and truth set in opposition to oppression; the "civil disobedience" which refuses to obey an unjust or oppresive law, but at the same time gladly admits the disobedience and suffers the penalties; the non-co-operation with the English Government which was designed "to invite the English to co-operate with us on honorable terms or to retire from our land."

No one can think of Gandhi without thinking of Christ; and the striking parallel has often been commented upon. And no one can read of Gandhi's trial in the English court without thinking of Christ before Pilate and the trial of Socrates. A strange and arresting combination, this little Finance Minister's son—a mixture of Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy, and Thoreau. And yet with his repellent side: the emotional ignorance which allows him to believe that time can be turned back and India again be as it was; that for the well-to-do to distribute their goods and forego one meal a day for the benefit of the poor will have any effect economically except to increase the poor and their poverty; that to boycott the products of factories manned by Indian labor will benefit the laborers; that the birth rate among the ignorant and poverty-stricken can be reduced by voluntary response to a spiritual appeal; that all medicine and hospitals are bad because palliating the wages of sin; and that any education at all is a bad thing for the lower classes.

Of these two men, Lenin and Gandhi, the more striking to the American or European is, of course, Gandhi. The methods of Lenin—the methods of organization and violence—are an old story in all parts of the world, but the methods of Gandhi are new. Extraordinary men both, men whose names will be writ large in history. Yet both are distinctly unpleasant personalities to us, despite the spell which they cast upon their peoples. It is submitted that this

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is because of the material, the human material they worked upon. The greatness of each is quantitative rather than qualitative. Each has qualities of personal greatness, it is true; but so have many others who will die unsung. The real point is that each found open to the elating and inflaming effect of his ecstatically fanatical and unintelligent gospel vast hordes of ignorant, disorganized, and oppressed people; so that each is adjudged great because of the magnitude of the resulting upheaval or commotion rather than because of any genuine or lasting achievement. So long as Russia and China and India remain what they are, the determined fanatic may arise to rock the world.

Three Worthy Books of Poetry

By GEORGE O'NEIL

"Outcrop," by Abbie Huston Evans. Harper & Brothers.
"The Bare Hills," by Yvor Winters. The Four Seas Company.
"Poems," by Clinch Calkins. Alfred A. Knopf.

There is a book of true feeling and fine, simple speech among the poetry presentations for the spring. This is a volume called "Outcrop," issued by Harper & Brothers, written by a woman, Abbie Huston Evans. The lyricism of these poems is valid and is born in a naturalness revealing the essential poet mind. No ostentation or unfortunate self-delight has stiffened the singing in these lines. They have the sound of a mind used and ready enough to sing for its own solace. And there are signs that this writer has found the special rewards for herself in making her poems, those quick luminous tracings along the body of a poem intensified with the gratitude of the pen catching them:

> But silver fish that make a splash,
> And ripples sliding under,
> Have power to startle like a crash
> Of February thunder.

The observation throughout this book creates frequently that startling emanation from an unexpected perception which is, one might say, the indefinable body of an image:

> The azure chicory rises in the grass
> Like a thin puff of smoke no one can pass
> Without a trembling.

Quotation of the delicate imagery in this work would give a misleading idea of its vitality and ease. There are poems with an engagingly informal directness, dramatic in their chief impression. The best example of this is "The Old Yellow Shop," which will remind some readers of Robert Frost yet is in no way an imitation. "The Black Road" is another beautifully plain poem. "The Light Upon the Rock," "Hill-Born," "Under Cover," are moving creations, made in the fibrous material which is the distinctive quality of this poet. There is a reiteration of the exclamatory conclusion somewhat deflective to the aim of the poems here and there, but a remarkable number of lines in "Outcrop" embody things which are seldom apprehended. It is a book with poetry in it.

"The Bare Hills," by Yvor Winters, published by the Four Seas Company, presents an interesting poet. Interesting is a regretful description, since in reading the poems the feeling is born that constriction forces many of them into that classification. A rather arrogant attention to manner seems to repress relentlessly the fine instinct of the poet. The effect of his particular form is much less forceful than the substance which he arbitrarily dismembers. This is an instance in which a conviction rises that the style is not the man. The man is much better than the style. When he is willing to evoke with a measure of his natural means he is very successful. There is exquisite precision in "The Fragile Season:"

> The scent of summer thins,
> The air grows cold.
> One walks alone
> And chafes his hands.
>
> The fainter aspens
> Thin to air—
> The dawn
> Is frost on roads.
>
> This ending of the year
> Is like the lacy ending
> of a last year's leaf
> Turned up in silence.
> Air gives way to cold.

When he says originally and powerfully—

> sunrise is set as if reflected from a
> violin hung in the
> trees—the birds are
> lost in admiration in a
> stiff wild hall of light,

the strength of his perception would obviate its originality. He could afford much more simplicity than he grants himself. "The Bare Hills" proves often that a gift and power above originality are at the command of the writer.

In "Poems," printed by Alfred A. Knopf, Clinch Calkins is overtly versatile. The effect of the best poems in the collection is finally lessened by the candid chameleon variety of the book. It is not fortunate that a book of poems should at last impress one with the writer's virtuosity. The intensity of writing like "Suffocation" which is compelling at the first reading becomes suspect after encountering the over-ironic

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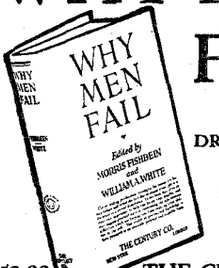

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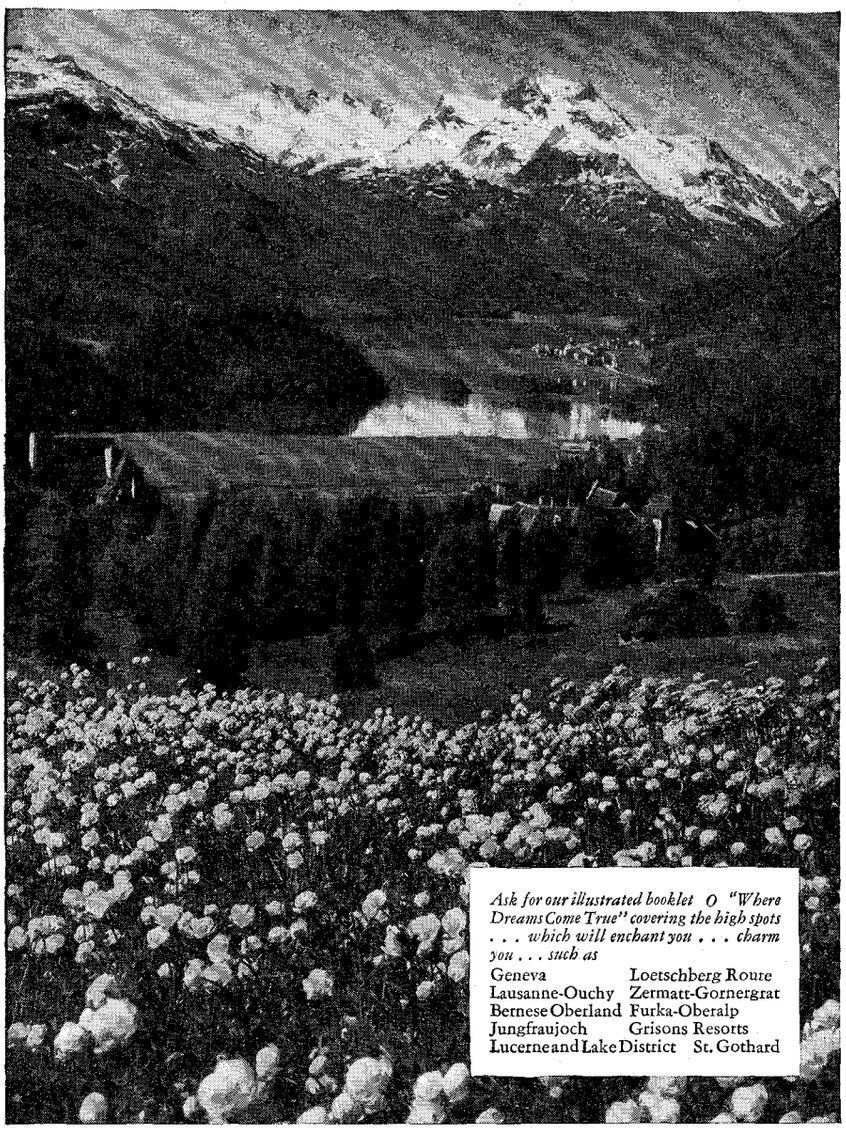
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"Tu Ne Quasieris." Titles such as "Oh Lad So Passionate" and "Into Pagan from the Gothic" are harmful to each other. In some manner a disapproving awareness of its own impermanent sincerity is manifest in this collection of Clinch Calkins's verse. It is this mist of self-awareness which one gathers as the promise for a fulfillment of the best omens in "Poems." There are things that give much pleasure in the book. "Military Drill" and "The Skater" are very good. "The Tree of Heaven" is a lovely quatrain:

Noon bares the bole of the diurnal tree.
Young leaves of twilight clothe its boughs around.
Stars spread ephemeral bloom eternally.
Dawn, like a ripe fruit, drops without a sound.

There are these three books, at least, this spring, to be considered by people who wait for poetry and care about its future in American literature.

Underworld

By RUSSEL CROUSE

"The Gangs of New York," by Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf.

Where there is a world, it would seem, there must be an underworld, and so when more or less honest pioneers had firmly established this new universe of ours, and had frightened the Indians out of its forests so that they might clear its surface, those who chose to make their way by sleight began burrowing in search of darkness to cover their deeds.

It was only natural that such outlawry should center in New York, for New York cast the most shadows in which to hide. And it was only natural, too, that the wolves should run in packs. Hence the gangs of New York, to which Herbert Asbury has devoted a fascinating volume, called, simply enough, "The Gangs of New York."

Mr. Asbury's work is historically important, primarily, for it traces with faithful accuracy the course of the various vicious groups from the early nineteenth century, when they first took form in the bars and back rooms of the squalid Five Points, to that sultry August day not five years gone when a gangster's bullet took from the last of these extensive organizations its leader, Kid Dropper.

Over this century Mr. Asbury traces the rise and fall of the "bad men" of man-made gulches and canyons. Beginning with the "Forty Thieves," the "Plug Uglies," and the "Dead Rabbits" of the Five Points, he follows the gangster through his various incarnations—on the Bowery, on the water-front, here

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and there on the sidewalks of both the East Side and the West Side.

Nor is his story mere chronology. Pointing no morals and choosing no texts, he recounts with a fine sense of drama things that were ignored by the authors of the "ten, twent', thirt'," because they were real and true. It is a story of thieves heavy-handed and light-fingered, of crude murderers and subtle blackmailers, of whole-hearted prostitutes and hard-hearted politicians. It has the fascination of so many things far removed from beauty.

The way is lighted by colorful personalities: Hell-Cat Maggie, who filed her teeth to points the better to bite you with; Mose, the Bowery B'hoy, who uprooted lamp-posts and used them as weapons; Marm Mandelbaum, whose "fence" was a clearing-house for $10,000,000 in stolen property; Kid Glove Rosie; Louie the Lump; Kid Twist; and "Monk" Eastman, who took his killing instinct off to the late war with him and became a hero.

Mr. Asbury has written a book for a permanent place on any shelf, and one that should be read with keen interest before taking its place there for reference.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

"The Dark God," by John Chancellor. The Century Company.

Somebody tries to make Jane Dace believe she's sold her soul to the devil. So she's not very much surprised when her aunt is found murdered with her fiancé's knife. A most satisfactory murder: "blood was everywhere." Then in comes Inspector Clawson from the Yard, humming a Strauss waltz, and he hums through the rest of the story, and hums the hero out of jail, and the villain into purgatory, and himself, incidentally, into wedlock. We rather liked this inspector and his methods, but we hope the next criminal he pursues will dispense with Hallowe'en tricks. They scared Jane, but nobody else was affected, and as for us, not a single hair on our head rose.

"Green Fire," by John Taine. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Boris Jevic was certainly a terrible man. A sort of super-Edison who by virtue of his scientific discoveries practically ruled the world. This was way back in 1990. Only a small group of devoted scientists stood out against him, men who could neither be bought nor bullied—you know the kind. Both parties, of course, were on the verge of discovering how to release atomic energy. If Jevic won, mankind was in for a slavery worse than death. Well, there are plots and sheets of equations and much

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pseudo-scientific hooey, and then Jevic gets the answer. But alas! only the half of it, dearie. He starts a sort of progressive annihilation of the universe, but can't stop it. Stars and nebulæ begin to turn green and disappear. And the hero steps in and works the correct equations just as the double O is about to be put on the solar system. We didn't understand why, if the waves of disintegration traveled so much faster than light, the green light reached the earth before the waves did. But that wouldn't bother if the story was exciting. Oh, yes, and there's a love interest.

"The Desert Moon Mystery," by Kay Cleaver Strahan. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

We don't remember ever being quite so suspicious of everybody in the story as we were in reading this one. There were clues enough to convict half a dozen people on the Desert Moon Ranch of strangling that lovely girl on the attic stairs, and all perfectly logical too. Mrs. Magin, Sam Stanley's housekeeper, tells the story, and, although Lynn MacDonald, the lady dick, is presently called in on the case, Mrs. Magin is no mean detective herself. In fact, all the honors go to the ladies—and deservedly. A good story, neatly told—and the author plays fair. The end will surprise you, yet you'll wonder why you didn't see it earlier.

"Behind the Devil Screen," by Maud Keck and Olive Orbison. Ives Washburn.

Eliot Sherman, just back home in Peking from a little exploring tour in the Gobi, rescues charming American girl and brother from Chinese mob, buys enormous pearl from mysterious coolie—and then trouble begins. Here are all the ingredients capably mixed—chits and compounds and amahs and a wicked Manchu prince and a Swedish general and the fascinating Eurasian girl, Chu-Chi, and a temple which it is death for a European to enter. Of course all the Europeans in the story get into it finally. But it's a good adventure story with an authentic Chinese aroma.

"The Death of a Diplomat," by Peter Oldfield. Ives Washburn.

What would happen to all these tales of international intrigue if all the fiction diplomats weren't so careless? The way they go around shedding secret treaties and formulæ for deadly gases is a scandal. Fortunately there's always a young American or Englishman handy to retrieve their errors. It does seem wasteful though. All these young heroes ought to be doing useful and constructive work instead of trailing around Europe mopping up diplomatic spilled milk. And we'd like it better, too, if they'd wait to fall in love until after the treaty is recovered. Of course, the books would be shorter. But is that any loss?

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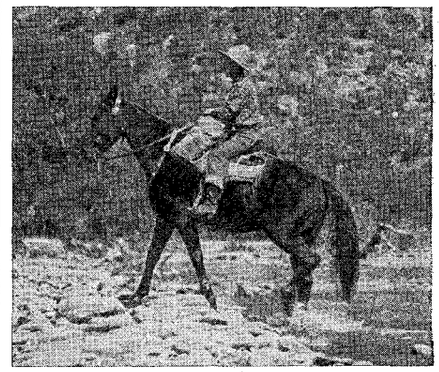

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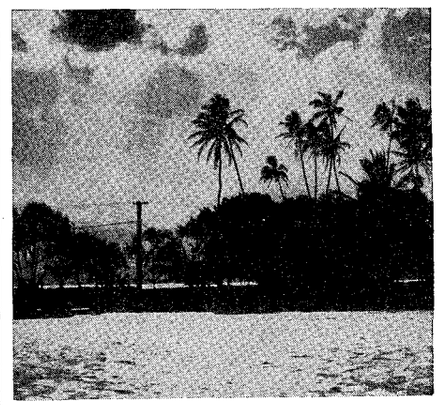

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The Job versus the Child

(Continued from page 9)

the most thorough sense. The mothers, many of whom are wives of Smith College Faculty members, take turns acting as teacher's assistant. They like this because it not only helps the school along, but gives them pointers on handling their own children. Those with cars bring the neighborhood flock to school.

This year the Institute has started a co-operative laundry, and it contemplates a co-operative kitchen, believing that such things will save untold time and money for individual housewives.

BUT the question of careers for wives is not entirely one of securing care for the children. It is also a matter of persuading employers that it can be done. Business men are getting over some of their prejudices in this respect, and it is no longer necessary for an employee to conceal her marriage on pain of instant dismissal. That sort of thing has gone to join the ban on bobbed hair.

However, I have recently talked on this subject with three personnel managers, representing, respectively, a utility company, an insurance company, and a bank, and all admitted a preference for single women. Two of them said that if a girl wanted to continue working for them after she married they had no objection. But when she dropped out to have a child, they would not ordinarily let her come back.

One personnel manager summed up the objections in a sentence. "To put it bluntly, we prefer not to take on married women, because you never know when they are going to be pregnant," she said. But she and the other officials alike emphasized the fact that they had no hard and fast rules governing employment of matrons. It depended on their individual value to the company.

The attitude of the bank official was a shade more favorable than that of the other two. "If a woman with two small children applies, that usually means she is going to lose a day whenever one of them has a slight illness," he said. "But if she has relatives or some one she can leave in charge, we don't mind taking her."

I asked him whether he would give preference to a former employee who wanted to come back after having had a child. "Yes, if her record was good," he said.

OBVIOUSLY, a woman of the executive type is differently situated from a clerk or stenographer who can fit in anywhere. With the former, it comes down

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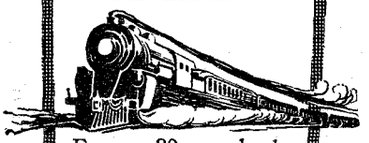

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to a question of keeping her job open over the interval required for motherhood. One of the few men who have had the courage and the imagination to admit this is Mr. Samuel Reyburn, President of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation, which owns Lord & Taylor's, McCreery's, and a number of other famous department-stores. In a remarkable address before the New York League of Business and Professional Women some years ago he said:

> An industrial leader who can use women to advantage should have the morals, the understanding, and the courage to have the policy that permits a woman executive to marry and have children without losing her position, provided she will do her part to prevent unnecessary loss to the business arising in such eventuality. In any large organization, if the leader will help, a woman executive can get a bright assistant and so thoroughly train her that the functioning of the department or the division can go on in an orderly and profitable way for six months or more without the actual presence of the head of that division. Naturally, she should keep in mental touch with the business activities even if not physically present.
>
> To the objection urged that children will not get proper attention, I answer that a mother with a well-organized business mind may give them even better attention. If the home is not too far away from the business, before and after the business day . . . she can find time to give attention to the child. . . . If she has learned . . . to lead her assistant in business, a mother could use that ability to train the nurse, and the final result of developing the mind and spirit . . . of the child is apt to be even better than if she had spent her whole time in looking after it.

I do not know how far Mr. Reyburn has studied child psychology, but his views dovetail in a striking manner with those of people who have studied it. While they do not underestimate the importance of correct home influences, they are convinced that one can scarcely begin too early to supplement these with broader contacts.

These opinions are being confirmed by experience. For instance, there is a psychiatric clinic in a certain city which exists merely to investigate those hundreds of otherwise normal children, often from excellent homes, who can't get on at school. It has found far more cases of trouble due to over-indulgence than of trouble due to neglect; or, if the child is deprived, it is usually because he has been left out in the cold while a favorite brother or sister gets all the love.

One child of eleven was whiny and difficult, doing his lessons badly and unable to get on with other children because he couldn't stand any one he couldn't boss. The investigator found that he was still being washed and dressed by his mother, got special food every time he demanded it, and couldn't go anywhere alone. She was unhappy in her marriage, and was making the boy her emotional prop. Already a social misfit before adolescence, such a child, unless something intervenes, may become a real tragedy in adult life, knowing nothing of his abilities, unfitted to cope with reality, perhaps even unable to find happiness in love.

Another child observed by this clinic was failing in reading for no apparent reason. It developed that he had an older brother with whom his mother had "a complete understanding," or thought she had. Little No. 2 was superfluous, and was made to feel it. But he found that when he flunked his reading test quite an uproar was made, so he did it consistently in a desperate desire to attract any sort of attention. Outrageous and unexplained naughtiness often springs from the same cause.

All of which may explain why psychologists look with favor upon those twin measures, pre-school education for the child and outside occupation for the mamma. They earnestly hope, however, that the job will not be so absorbing it will take her interest too much away from home or deprive the children of the love and security they urgently need. A good mother, they feel, will always be the greatest thing in the life of a child.

It appears, however, that our definition of a good mother calls for revision. The good mother, old style, "lived entirely for her children," and gloried in sacrificing herself to them. Her heart was so overflowing with love that it obliterated her perception of faults in her offspring.

The good mother, new style, considers such a program less than efficient. She watches her children with a gaze compounded of maternal tenderness and psychological knowledge, and hands over portions of their training to experts who she knows can do it better than she can. In comparison with her predecessor, she is characterized by less emotion and more intelligence. Meanwhile she keeps her own mind alert and growing; and what a difference that makes in later years! For she will never be a party to that frequent and distressing situation between mother and grown-up child, with a strong bond of affection between them, and nothing on earth to say to each other.

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The Legend of Catechee

(*Continued from page 25*)

she spurred on her steed and he swam it nobly. "Twelve-Mile Creek," Catechee named it, for she knew she had covered that much of her journey. Farther on they forded a second stream, and this she called "Eighteen-Mile Creek." Then came, not a stream, but a river, with a rocky bottom full of dangers for the pony's stumbling feet. "Rock River," she called it, and rode on, passing "Four-and-Twenty River," and soon after "Six-and-Twenty." So she sped, naming the waters as she passed; all night she rode and all next day, until when, late on the evening of the second day, she reached Fort Star, brave Catechee had gone ninety-six miles with neither food nor sleep.

Clinging to her pony, she rode up to the settlement and gave the warning, then fell half-fainting with fatigue. But her warning had come in time. Ammunition and provisions were stocked in the fort, women and children took refuge there, and the men seized firearms and waited.

When, just before sunrise, the Indians stormed Fort Star, they were met with a volley of firing that took them completely by surprise. For hours the battle raged, fiercest and bloodiest in the history of the fort. Once the Indians ran up a flag of truce, offering to go if the whites would deliver up Catechee, whose betrayal they now knew. But the settlers refused, and the fight went on, until at last, broken and routed, the Indians fled back to their mountain.

So terrible had been the slaughter in their ranks that never again did they dare to disturb the peace of Fort Star. The settlers prospered and built a town, which they named Ninety-Six in honor of Catechee. To the end of her days the Indian maid lived among her white friends, beloved by all, but most by the children and grandchildren of her old playmates, who never tired of hearing the tale of Catechee's brave ride.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 23*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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